

Rem. IV.

2677

Rem. IV 2677



Rev. IV 267+

A

COLLECTION

O F

SONGS,

WITH SOME

ORIGINALS.

Welcome Song and welcome Fesť.

MILTON.

Dulce est desipere in Loco.

HOR.

D U B L I N:

Printed in the Year M D C C L X I X.

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96 A

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C O N T E N T S.

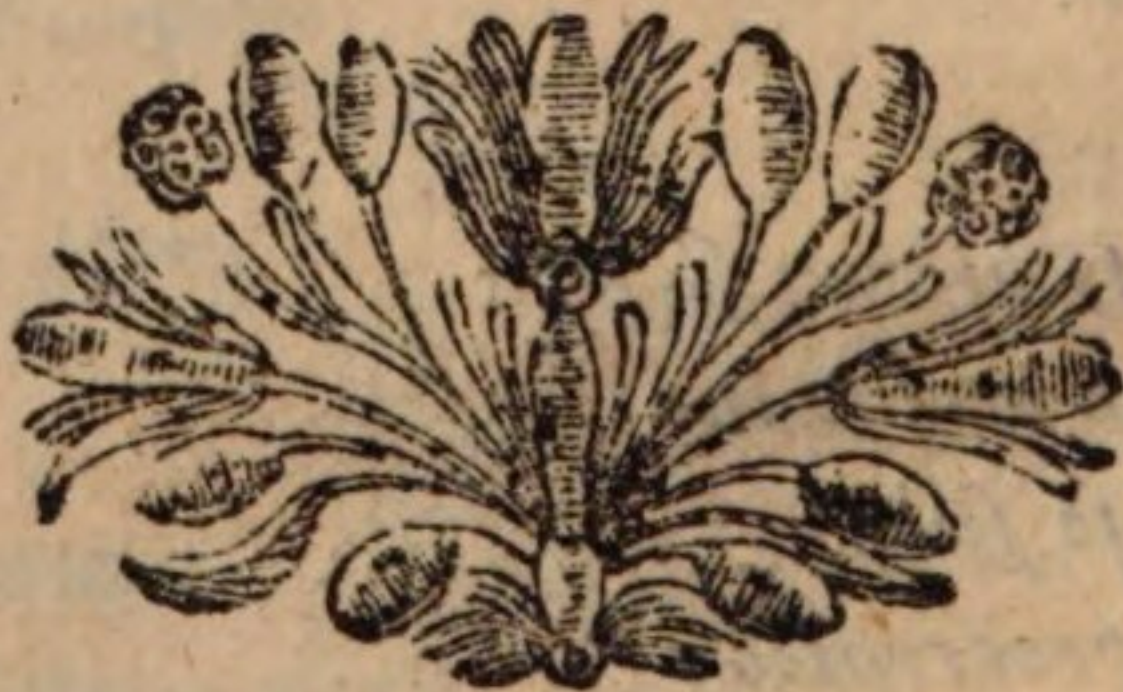
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Z.

<i>Zounds did ever man see</i>	1
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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

With some ORIGINALS.



ZOUNDS did ever man see such a girl,
Z Blood she's got a *thing* fit for an Earl:
Z Black is her hair, her countenance fair,
Z Her temper wondrous civil ;
With a leg and a foot wou'd tempt a man to't,
And a c——t as black as the Devil.

Zounds, &c.

She

Her gown was made of stand off, stand off,
 Her petticoats made of draw near,
 Her smock was made of Holland fine,
 And her c——t cry'd, come if you dare.

Zounds, &c.

Dicky crept up to the crab-tree top,
 Thinking no manner of harm ;
 He hung his p——k about his neck,
 And his b——x under his arm.

Zounds, &c.

She tipp'd him the wink and the nod,
 She tipp'd him the wink and the nod ;
 He tickled her member from June to September,
 He tickled her c——t by ——

Zounds, &c.

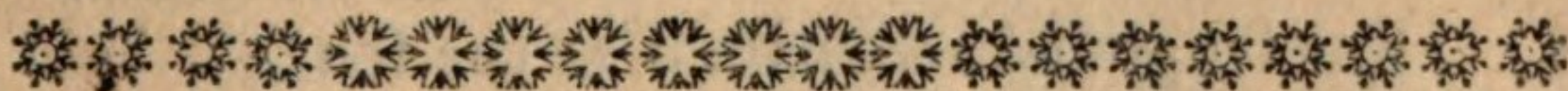
As she stoop'd down to buckle her shoe,
 Her c——t stood East and West, Sir,—
 She call'd for Dick to f——k her quick,
 For honesty she thought best Sir.

Zounds, &c.

Then

Then Dick he laid her down again
 To f——k her before parting ;
 He crack'd the fiddle-strings of her c——t,
 She could not f——k for farting.

Zounds, &c.



The F R A N K.

Tune, Push about the brisk bowl.

ONCE a lady requested a nobleman's hand,
 That her letter might go carriage free ;
 He took up the pen to obey her command,
 And on it wrote c * * t.

The maid was dispatch'd to the post-masters man,
 Who told her it would not go free,
 For the parliament ne'er, since the reign of Q. Anne
 Had been subject to c * * t.

Is't

It's a nobleman's title, reply'd the fair maid ;
Upon which she turn'd about blunt :
A title ! a turd ; you impudent jade,
Why c * * t it spells c——t.

For I'm sure it's not us'd at a baron's creation,
Nor by godfathers nam'd at the font ;
At knights of the garter, or baths installation,
No herald can quarter a c——t.

At her head the frank flew, whilst the clerk reckon'd,
How they might for president hunt,
And he found in the reign of King Charles the second
The members made use of a c——t.

Lords, clergy, and commons alike did it prize,
And the courtiers insisted upon't,
'Twas raising the customs, and helping th' excise,
For the gen'ral receiver was c——t.

Away ran the maid in hurry, for fear
Her mistress should take an affront,
The postman hobbled after, and, cried out, " my dear,
" Prithee, let me take hold of thy c——t."

In

To the Honorable Secretary, State Department, Washington

And Henry's mother is gone.

On the future of the international community...

1870

* Here you will find the best of the best.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned cases:

Demanding the perfect price

But no question he did not know the

On Technology Use 499

At the post-mortem examination, the following were observed:

Saying any more would be to repeat

But the [illegible] [illegible]

For Rent or Sale

Then let's hear all that you can say.

May the nations be united

Here's a health tip for you:

In defense of...

1871

and:

rown D



To

The CRAB-LOUSE.

A Crab-louse I am,
From a Crab-louse I came,
My parentage always I'll honour :
As a bunter in ally,
Uncover'd her belly,
A link boy begot me upon her.

A foldier, no wonder,
He took me for plunder,
And carried me over to Flanders :
He gave me to his wife,
She to better my life,
Introduced me to all the commanders.

With a nun I was left,
But one morning at shrift,
A friar took me from from my place ;
I stuck to his b——ks,
True catholic reliques,
And then turn'd a crab-louse of grace.

On

On a Cardinal's bum,
I was brought into Rome,
Who was fond of the fundament grope ;
His master of horse,
He us'd to indorse,
And his master gave me to the Pope.

From the Pope I was drawn,
By a Prelate in lawn,
With the parson's wife next I was found ;
She gave me to her husband,
Dispatch'd from his waistband,
He sent me the whole parish round.

As he sat in a barn,
His poor breeches to darn,
An actor of tragedy found me ;
He scratch'd at his c—ds,
And swore by the gods,
That he would, ay, that he would drown me.

But an innkeeper's wife
Coming in sav'd my life,

To

To her from the buskin I past :

Behind an old butt,

I left her large scutt,

And I stuck to a tinker at last.

The trull and himself

Made too free with some pelf ;

For which Justice's whip-cord had smote 'em ;

The trull was releas'd,

She the magistrate pleas'd,

So I stuck to the constable's scrotum.

One night on the stroll,

A lap-dog was stole

By a watchman, for fake of the ready ;

From breeches I stept,

To the puppy-dog crept,

And next morn was convey'd to my lady.

On her lilly white thigh,

'Twas my business to lie,

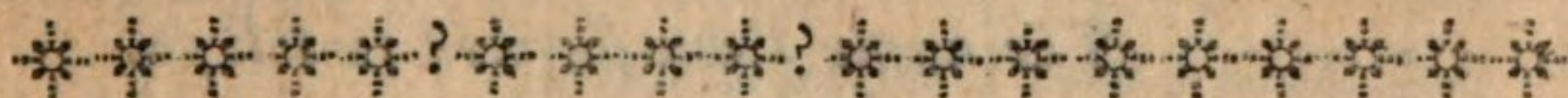
'Till lap-dog provok'd titillation ;

Then down from her quarters,

I'm thrust to her garters,

'Till dil—e has eas'd inclination.

So oft dil—es us'd,
 I'm from head to heel bruise'd,
 Accurst be the day I was took in;
 I have no more to speak,
 But dear ladies forsake
 Your dil—es, and to fair f——g.



Tune, *the Twitcher.*

A Man and a maid,
 Together were laid,
 I beg that it may not surprize ye;
 By the side of a spring,
 He drew out a thing;
 Be ferious pray let me advise ye, brave boys:
Be ferious pray let me advise ye.

This thing was of strength,
 And nine inches in length,
 I hope you'll allow it not small:
 Yet I heard the girl say,
 On her back as she lay,
 She'd occasion for more than it all, my brave boys,
She'd occasion for more than it all.
 Then

Then he straight way began
To lift up one by one,
Her coats till he shew'd her bare belly,
And what I saw there
Was all cover'd with hair,
But the name I'm ashamed to tell ye, brave boys,
The name I'm ashamed to tell ye.

Like a mouth it appear'd
With a swinging large beard,
And lips that did open and shut ;
I can't tell the size,
But it seem'd to my eyes,
Not to measure much less than a foot, my brave boys,
Not to measure much less than a foot.

He gaz'd for a while
At her charm with a smile,
Yet still he stood fixed and mute :
But the girl grown more bold,
Of his t——se she got hold,
And ram'd it all fairly into't, my brave boys,
And ram'd it all fairly into't.

The

The thing being plac'd,
 She clung round his waste,
 And utter'd these words with a sigh;
 My dear make an end,
 Have done, or I sp—d;
 Have done, or I vow I shall die, my brave boys,
Have done. or I vow I shall die.

Lie still my dear love,
 Cry'd he with a shove,
 And I in my turn shall die too:
 Says she I'm inclin'd
 To favour your mind,
 But my c—t is beginning to sp—w, my brave boys,
My c——t is beginning to sp—w.

Her sighs were in vain,
 For the amorous swain,
 As eager as infants when fucking;
 Prefs'd close on the maid,
 Who languishing said,
 I'm all of a lather with f—k—g, my boy,
I'm all of a lather with f—k—g.
 Then

Our father of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And had swinging p—s full ten inches long,
Which made their plump dame to rejoice all
night long.

Oh the, &c.

But now we are dwindled to I do not know what ;
A shabby red c—t that is damnable hot,
And a prick of eight inches is hard to be got.

Oh the, &c.

And since we have learn'd from all vapouring
France,
Ourselves for to f—g as well as to dance,
To a juicy brown c—t we're afraid to advance.

Oh the, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
No c——s or d——s had ever been known,
At a stiff standing p—k a fine girl would not frown.

Oh the, &c.

King

King James when he travell'd the throne to
ascend;
In Yorkshire was pleas'd a brown c—t to command,
But to a red one was never a friend.
Oh the, &c.

Oh then we had courage to eat and to fight,
And could f—k our wives at least ten times a night.
But now we're a parcel—I could—but good night.
Oh the, &c.



R E C I T A T I V E.

ON top of turf-stack, once poor Sheela fat ;
Her legs all bog-bemir'd ; dirt dy'd her neck ;
Her nose all furr'd with snuff ;
Her arms, like coarse mahogany, red and rough :
And thus poor Sheela sung :

A I R I.—SHAWNBREE.

In the county Kilkenny, I'm handsome as any,
In the North I'm call'd the girl frisky ;
There's Patrick O Farrel, and Phelim O Donnel,
They love me much better than whisky.

There's

Tho' some whores wear fattins, and others wear
pattens,

Whilst I without brogues go a-begging ;
If without brogues I go, I'd have you to know,
I can please you much better with sh — g — g.

In most folks opinions my skin's white as onions,
Tho' my features are nick-nam'd mulatoes ;
My belly's is spread like a black-a-moor's head,
And my a—e is as hard as potatoes.

But here is the feature, the mouse-trap of nature,
As rough and juicy as can be ;
Oh ! I'm all over itching for want of a st——,
Come bodder my gig with your Shawnbree.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Paddy in entrench'd half naked stood,
Emptying with scoop the stagnant mud,
He mounts the bank with brawney buttocks bare,
And c—ds all cover'd with black bristley hair.

A I R

AIR II.—BALLYNAMONA.

As soon as She saw him, she slip'd down the
 stack,
 And lewdly at bottom she lay on her back;
 She upt with her coats, and discover'd her crack,
 The inside was scarlet, the outside was black.

Ballynamona and ora.

She kept her legs open, expecting the job,
 Paddy's p—k 'twixt his legs went biddity bob;
 But seeing her orifice it rais'd its knob,
 And his c—ds 'gainst her b——ks went bibbity bob.

Ballynamona and ora.

AIR III.—LARRY GROGAN.

Arrah Paddy leave poking me, firrah you're choak-
 ing me;
 What is this thing you have stuck in me, stuck
 in me?
 Where are you going, or what are you doing?
 By Jesus I believe you are f——g me, &c.

But

But now you are in me, by my soul I'll lie still;
 Blood and ouns! you have bother'd my belly, &c.
 O go in no farther, by g—d I'll cry murther;
 My —arfe it is all in a jelly, a jelly.

When first he began for to thrust his pole in,
 He made all my members to quiver, &c.
 So far it was in I thought I was bursting,
 He turn'd up the lap of my liver. &c.

But before you leave me, one sh——g more give me,
 O pay well my punkin, O thereabout, thereabout,
 O your all in me, my guts is down falling,
 You have made in my belly a stir-about, stir-
 about.



Tune, The Thrasher's Dance

MURDOCH O'Blaney and Jenny O'Donelly,
 Both went together to thrash in a barn;
 He laid her down gently, and kifs'd her so bonnily;
 Jenny, said he, but I'll do you no harm:

B

O!

O ! then, says Jenny,

I fear you'll be in me :

My honey, says Murdoch, I'll do you no harm,

O Murdoch, I'm ready to faint,

You press me so closely my dear ;

Quoth he, then by Patrick our saint,

I'll give you no reason to fear.

Fara lal, fara lal, &c.

Then with a look so engaging and gently,

He to her bosom his hand did apply ;

Both her snow mountains he tussled so daintily,

That with her passion heav'd many a sigh,

Fainting, says Jenny,

I fear you'll be in me,

Arrah, says he, if I don't I shall die.

O Murdoch be easy I pray,

And quickly begone from my sight ;

By Jesus my virt'ill give way,

For I am lost in a flood of delight

Fara lal, &c.

He

He then beholding her eye-lids thus quivering,
Scarcely from pity his heart could refrain,
Fearing to anger her, long he stood wavering,
But was resolv'd to attack her again ;

Then Master O'Blaney

Pull'd out his shillaly,

A weapon he ne'er shew'd a woman in vain.

Then starting she open'd her eyes,

And softly she rear'd up her head ;

What is it, dear Murdoch, she cries,

That looks there so stately and red ?

Fara lal, &c

Sweet one, says Murdoch, I'll shew you the use of it,

Gently fall backwards, your legs open wide,

No girl in Munster to try it as you so fit,

If you'll vouchsafe with your hand it to guide ?

Then Miss O'Donnelly

Stroak'd it so bonnily,

Arrah, quoth she, but I'll down with your pride.

Then

Then clasping with eager embrace,
 He soon reach'd the end of his joy ;
 While Jenny now altered the case,
 No longer was squeamish or coy.

Fara la!, &c.

Then with soft raptures and faint dying murmurings
 Lifeless they lay as it were in a trance ;
 Eager he drove, but could drive it no farther in,
 Jenny had shiver'd the hero's stout lance :

What's that, says Jenny,

That runs so warm in me,

That makes all my bowels to caper and prance ?

'Tis love's luscious balsam my dear,

Says Murdoch, the julep of life ;

'Tis the cordial that banishes care,

And cures the worst scold of a wife.

Fara la!, &c.

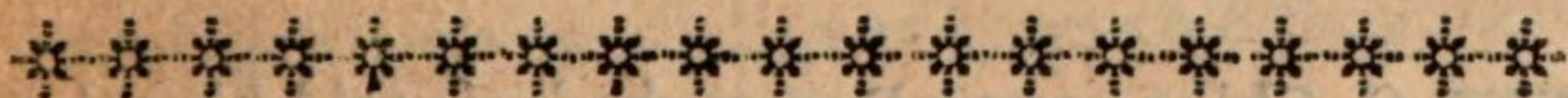
Murdoch, says she, you shall give me some more of it,
 Cordial so fine I ne'er tasted before :

If you have gallons full twice twenty score of it,

Here is a cellar to lay in your store ;

Then

Then make no denial,
 But pull out your phial:
 By Jesus but I must and I will have some more.
 Ah! Jenny, you'r coaxing me now,
 But prithee my jewel he said,
 Behold poor shillaly, I vow,
 Blood and 'ounds, but you've bother'd his head,
Fara lal lal, &c.

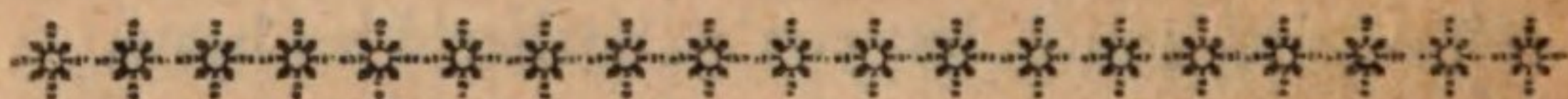


BEGONE Old Care, I prithee begone from me;
 Begone Old Care, thou and I can never agree.
 Long time hast thou been plaguing me, and fain
 thou would'st me kill,
 But i'faith Old Care thou ne'er shalt have thy will.
Long time hast, &c.

Too much Care will make a young man grow
 gray,
 And too much Care will turn an old man to clay.
 Then

Then you shall dance, and I will sing, so merrily
 we will play,
 For I'm sure it is the finest thing to drive Old Care
 away.

Then you shall dance, &c.



Chloe's OLD HAT.

TO Chloe young Damon had oft told his tale,
 Yet o'er her strict virtue cou'd never prevail;
 He prais'd her, he press'd her, he kiss'd and all that,
 Yet she vow'd that he never should touch her Old Hat.

Touch her Old Hat, touch her Old Hat,

Yet she swore that he never should touch her Old Hat.

It happen'd he met her one day in a grove,
 He press'd her, and told her again of his love;
 But still she cried, fye sir, what wou'd you be at?
 Do you think that you ever shall touch my Old Hat?

Touch my Old Hat, &c

The place was inviting, no creature was near,
And Damon determin'd to cast away fear ;
And whilst in his breast his heart beat pitty pat,
He swore by young Cupid he'd feel her Old Hat.

Feel her Old Hat, &c.

The nymph was alarm'd, struggl'd, threaten'd,
and swore,
And said all she cou'd to escape from his power ;
His end she declar'd he shou'd never come at :
And vow'd she would die e're he touch'd the Old Hat.

Touch'd her Old Hat, &c.

Yet all was in vain, with his passion grown strong,
On the grass then he laid Mrs Chloe along ;
But still she cried, fye sir, what wou'd you be at ?
O rot you, O curse you, you'll tear my Old Hat.

Tear my Old Hat, &c.

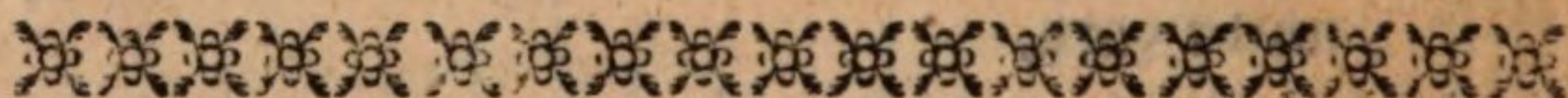
The youth gain'd his point, and since the fair
maid
Of Damon has not been so sorely afraid ;
She seldom enquires what he would be at,
So he does what he pleases with Chloe's Old Hat.

Chloe's Old Hat, &c.

Ma'am

Ma'am Chloe affects now no more to be coy,
 But willing as Damon to push for the joy ;
 Now Damon's strong passion is grown somewhat flat,
 Since he finds her's as easy as any Old Hat.

*Any Old Hat, any Old Hat,
 Since he finds her's as easy as any Old Hat.*



The G I P S E Y.

AS thro' the green meadow I chanced to pass,
 A gypsey sat under a shade ;
 She told me, she saw by the lines of my face,
 That my doom was to die an old maid.

Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and dismay,
 And pierc'd my poor Heart to the quick,
 Because I'd oft heard my grandmother say,
 That gypsies do deal with old nick.

For farther advice to our curate I went,
 And told him my case in a fright ;
 Says he, pretty maid, be content for a while,
 And I'll alter the case before night.

O then he began with such force and such fire,
And with arguments so very strong,
That believe me, ye maids, the devil's a liar,
And so there is an end of my song.



O Y S T E R N A N.

AS Oyſter Nan ſtood by her tub,
To ſhew her vicious inclination ;
She gave her nobler parts a ſcrub,
And ſigh'd for want for want of copulation.
A vint'ner of no little fame.
Who excellent white and red could ſell ye ;
Obſerving of this dirty dame,
As ſhe was ſcrubbing of her belly.

Come in, come in, you dirty flut,
This is a rare convenient minute ;
I'll lay the itching of your ſcut,
Unless ſome greedy devil's in it.

With

With that flat-cap Nanny smil'd,
And fain would blush, but could not;
Saying, how soon we are beguil'd,
To do the things we should not.

From the door they went behind the bar,
As is by common fame reported;
And there upon a leather chair,
This loving couple kiss'd and sported.
But being call'd by company,
As he was taking pains to please her;
I'm coming, coming sir, said he,
And so am I, my dear, said she sir.

Her mole-hill belly swell'd about
Into a mountain, quickly after;
And when the little brat crept out,
The creature caus'd a mighty laughter.
But now she's learnt the pleasing game,
Altho' much pains and shame it cost her;
She daily ventures at the same,
And shuts and opens like an oyster.

TRISTRAM

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

HA V E you not read a book, call'd Tristram
Shandy, Ma'm,

If not look into it quickly I pray :

His precepts are sweeter than sugar-candy, Ma'am,

'Twould do you good to taste his curds and whey.

There's Miss O Donnelly,

Likes him so bonnily,

Swears that with him she for ever cou'd play.

She takes him each night to her bed,

And cries that with her he shall lay ;

For none but dear Shandy, she said,

Shou'd dance upon her cover'd way.

He tells you a story about his Homunculus,

So droll, that no maid can help grinning at him

And he runs on, Ma'm, about his Ovunculus,

Poor Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim :

And then queer Doctor Slop,

Who his head in does pop,

With a Dalmahoy wig, and a countenance prim ;

At

At which uncle Toby laugh'd out,
At the doctor's queer Dutch-bottom a—se ;
And said mother Shandy would pout,
If a man came so near her four * * * *.

He tells you too, Ma'm, in the act of coition
His mother had like all the sport to have spoil'd ;
For she interrupts him in midst of fruition,
With a question that none would have ask'd but
a child :

And whilst his strong motion
Was pouring the lotion,
That wou'd all the sorrows of life have beguil'd,
She ask'd him a question so odd,
As ne'er gave a man such a shock ;
And cried, while she tickl'd his c—d,
My dear, have you wound up the clock ?

Lord bless me ! said he, why a speech so uncommon,
Has damp'd the warm animal flow of my blifs :
'Tis past all enduring : Did ever a woman
So check a man's heat in an action like this :
Lie still and be quiet
And make no more riot, But

But squeeze me, and give me a languishing kifs,
 Ah there, my dear, wriggle your tail,
 And finely your furrows I'll plow.
 Well mov'd ! That's as nice as my nail.
 There, there 'tis coming now, now.

These Shandy's sentiments are not at all novel,
 Ma'm ;
 Men of experience will call 'em far fetch'd ;
 Oft times have I heard them in garret and hovel,
 Ma'm ;
 'Tis what is common with girls of no letch :
 Why there's Eagle-Court Sally,
 When Jack's in her alley,
 And pouring his gravy all into her dish,
 Cries when shall I have some new mobs ;
 At which Mr Jacky cries pish ;
 And whilst his Homunculus throbs,
 She asks What's the price now of fish ?

Then when your husband lies o'er your belly, Ma'm,
 Take special care and mind what you're about,
 Or else you may stop up his river of jelly, Ma'm,
 How then shall the Homunculus paddle out ?

O humour his motion,
And suck in the potion ;
His mettlesome squirt shall white-wash you each
bout :
And whilst he in amorous pin,
At love's door gives the conjugal knock,
Rise up and at once let him in,
Nor think about winding the clock.

A Friar to a river went,
To wash his hands and face ;
And there he espied the curate's maid,
A bathing of her a—e.

And her fal, lal, &c.

Oh ! what is the matter, my pretty maid,
That your c—t it looks so red ?
She answer'd, with carrying fire in my a—e,
For to warm my master's bed,

And his fal, lal, &c.

Then the friar he lugg'd out a mighty t—fe,
As big as he could handle ;
And if you carry fire in your a—e
Pray let me light this candle,

By your fal lal, &c.

Then the friar ramm'd in his mighty t—se,
 As much as he could stuff;
 But she melted his tallow all away,
 And reduc'd it to a snuff,

By her fal, lal, &c.

The friar he knel'd upon the ground,
 In posture most devout;
 Lighten my darkness, L—d, he cry'd,
 For my candle's quite burnt out,

By her fal, lal, &c.



R E C I T A T I V E.

THE female board was met, the stitching bands
 Round fam'd Moll Douglas took their am'rous
 stands.

My daughters, she began, by this same rule,
 No wench that's coy, must dare approach my
 school;
 Here lust and impudence both range within,
 Be bold, be free, here modesty's a sin.

Tell

Tell me not of virgin's play,
 Or how they f—g their time away :
 Cundoms, dildoes, I despise,
 To rousing p—s I'll ope my t——s ;
 Here's heaving Sall and riggling Sue,
 And all the b——k garing crew,
 Me their bawd and mistress own,
 They learn to f—k of me alone.
 Dildoes, dildoes, tipt with velvet neat,
 Give 'em to the jades I hate.
 So shall rousing p—s be mine,
 O they're playthings most divine :
 Speed the f——g hours away ;
 Mind not what the neighbours say :
 Gayley let the minutes fly,
 In kissing, st—h—g, letch and joy.

SAYS the Nun to the Abbess, if instead of these
 Bricks,

This large spacious hall was pav'd over with p—ks,
 Pray how must we place our footsteps, dear mother,
 To avoid giving offence to one p—— or other.

Derry down, &c.

The Abbess replied in terms very blunt,
 You must pull up your cloaths, Miss, and shew them
 your c—t;
 And if these p—ks have either manners or breeding,
 They'll rise, and give way to your Ladyship's
 treading.

Derry down, &c.

But, Madam, says she, that is not all,
 For I mortally hate a p——e that's small:
 Tush, tush, says the Abbess, pray mind but the
 charge,
 Dispense with the p—k, if the b——'s be large.

Derry down, &c.



COME, my dear, will you be my whore,
 And we'll beg from door to door;
 On the bulk heads we'll lie and louse us,
 'Till the watchmen come and rouse us.

Will that do—Will that do.

C

What

What shall we do for shirts and smocks,
 You have got the itch love, and I've got the pox;
 We'll steal the new cloaths from the hedges,
 And hang our old ones there for pledges.

Will that do—Will that do.

You shall turn whore love, and I'll turn thief,
 And we'll eat of the good roast beef;
 We'll eat of the new bread every day,
 And chuck the mouldy crusts away.

Will that do—Will that do.

Is not Joan as good as Madam,
 Did we not spring from our grandfather Adam,
 Was not Eve our general mother,
 Why should not you and I f—k one another.

Will that do—Yes that will do.



Tune, *Black Joke*

AS Miss Pheby one fine summer's morning in
 bed,
 In a posture inviting was carelessly laid,
 With her black joke and belly so white; Then

I stole to her chamber, and quickly drew near,
And fixed my eyes on her beauties so clear ;
With a longing desire, I had a full mind,
To make a bold push I long had design'd,
In her black joke and belly so white.

Then I jump'd to bed to her, at which she awak'd
And thus in a grumbling manner she talk'd

Of her black; &c.

You impudent fellow begone, or I'll swear,
I ne'er was so us'd ! with my bubbies all bare !
Miss Pheby, said I, with my truncheon uprear'd,
Lye still, and behold, if you've any regard

To your, &c.

Endeavouring to rise, in the struggle she threw
All the cloaths on the floor, then I had a full view

Of her, &c.

But oh ! what an assembly of charms were there,
Her lilly white thighs, and curling black hair ;
Believe me, the like's not in country or town,
Search all the brave misses who walk up and down.

With their black jokes, &c.

At

At the sight of the same I was ready to burst,
And with eager desire I made a full thrust

At her black, &c.

But the nymph, in defence of a treasure so dear,
Sent down her soft hand, which no sooner came
there,

But I made her feel something she'd ne'er grasp'd
before,

When she quickly fell back, and abandon'd the
shore

Of her black, &c.

I now being enter'd, began to play lilt;
At the very first thrust I went up to the hilt,

In her, &c.

No sooner Miss Pheby receiv'd it full home,
Than with uplifted hands she fetch'd a deep
groan,

And sent down such a shower as made me to know
She shar'd of the pleasures I tasted below,

In her black joke, and belly so white.

THE sun was just setting, the reaping was done,
As over the common I tript it alone ;
Then whom should I meet, but young Dick of our
town,

Who swore e're I went I should have a green gown.

He preſs'd me, I ſtumbl'd ;

He puſh'd me, I tumbl'd ;

He kiſs'd me, I grumbl'd ;

But ſtill he kiſs'd on ;

Then roſe and went from me, as ſoon as he'd done :

If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,

May I be worſe rumpl'd,

Worſe tumbl'd and jumbl'd,

Wherever, I go.

Before an old juſtice I ſummon'd the ſpark,

And how do you think I was ſerv'd by the clerk ?

He pull'd out his ink-horn, and aſk'd me his fee,

And you ſhall relate the whole buſineſs, quoth he.

He preſt me, &c .

The juſtice then came, and tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to wiſh I would kiſs him inſtead of the book ;

He

He whisper'd, his clerk then leaving the place,
I was had to his chamber to open my case.

He prest me, &c.

I went to the parson to make my complaint;
He look'd like a bacchus, but preach'd like a saint:
He said, we should soberly nature refresh;
Then nine times he urged me to humble the flesh.

He prefs'd me, I stumbl'd;

He push'd me, I tumbl'd,

He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd;

But still he kiss'd on;

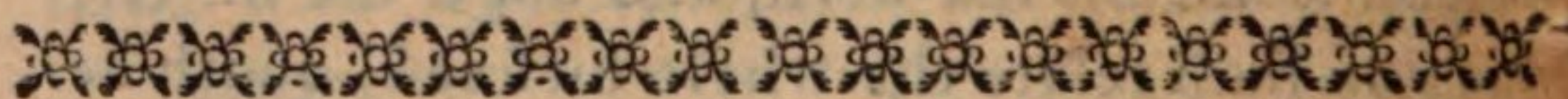
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,

May I be worse rumpl'd,

Worse tumbl'd and jumbl'd

Wherever, I go.

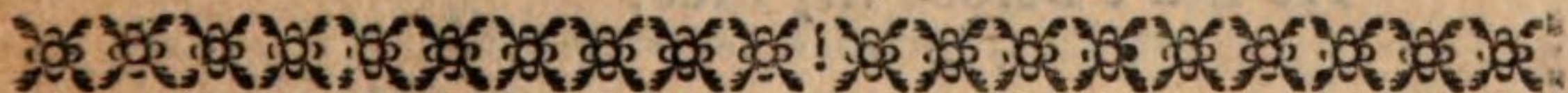


UPON Clarinda's panting breast,
The happy Strephon lay;
With love and beauty jointly prest,
To pass the time away.

Fresh raptures of transporting love,
Struck all his senses dumb ;
He envy'd not the pow'rs above,
Nor all the joys to come.

As bees around the garden rove,
To fetch their treasures home ;
So Strephon trac'd the fields of love,
To fill her honey comb.

Her ruby lips he kiss'd and press'd,
From whence joys derive ;
Then humming round her snowy breast,
Strait crept into her hive.



MYRTILLA like time, is always a flying,
She regards not my tears, nor thinks when
I sigh :
If once she gets from me, Oh then I complain ;
No wishes, no words, can recall her again.

My

My friend be advis'd, for old time has you know,
 A lock on his forehead, Myrtilla below ;
 If then you wou'd have her to fly you no more,
 To hold her like time, you must take her before.



THE rising sun had just begun
 To streak the eastern sky,

When as I trod the flow'ry road,

A Swain came list'ning by.

We long had lov'd,—both each approv'd,

Some time had run love's race ;

He begg'd the blifs, and stole a kifs,—

He did't before my face.

He not content, now what he meant

I plainly did foresee,

One hand he prefs'd upon my breast,

And t'other on my knee.

Now grown more bold, he catches hold

Fast in another place ;

Then faucy Jock, got to my smock,—

He did't before my face.

Now

Now on the ground, where daifies round
Had deck'd the painted bed,
'Midst flow'ry pride, extended wide,
I at full length was laid ;
The fiery boy burning with joy,
Soon gave the close embrace :
'Gainst Hymen's laws, love's weapon draws,
He did't before my face.

The youth ne'er teaz'd, the sport well pleas'd,
We oft repeat the same,
All ways we try to satisfy,
And quench the raging flame.
Now wrapt in blifs with ev'ry kiss !
Enjoyment's labyrinth trace ;
Tir'd with love's play, he dy'd away,—
He did't before my face.

With fond cares to an excess,
In mutual transports lay—
No more love's fire cou'd raise desire,
The youth, his fears betray.

He

He cou'd, sad fwain, no more attend,
 He was in doleful case,
 He'd done his best, and for the rest,
 Poor Jock he hung his face.



Old Woman of Grimstone.

I'LL sing you a song, 'tis not very long,
 Concerning a woman of Grimstone;
 Whose husband ne'er gave her what she did crave;
 And therefore she swore, she wou'd him stone.

Tol de rol, &c

Says the good honest man, I've done what I can,
 To be gelt I ne'er can endure it;
 If you must have more, I prithee turn whore,
 And away to the Vicar or curate.

Tol de rol, &c.

The good wife was glad, of the licence she had,
 And away to the curate did run,
 Her story she told, and her legs did unfold;
 And her business was nobly done.

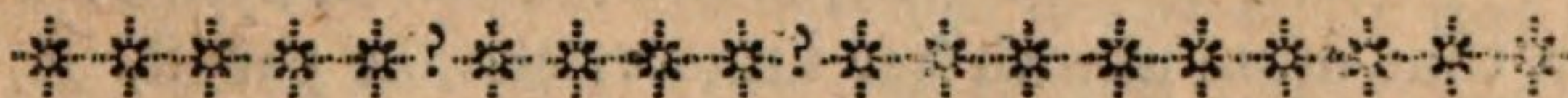
Tol de rol, &c.

Then in came the vicar with guts full of liquor,
And he fell a f——g like thunder,
With canonical t——se he so batter'd her a—se,
That he fill'd the old woman with wonder.

Tol de rol, &c.

Says she you've good luck, if you preach as you f—
With equal force and energy ;
Archbishop you'll be, or ne'er believe me,
For by George you're the head of the clergy.

Tol de rol, &c.



THE men will be good but when ?

Oh ! the men will be good but when ?

For the women run after the men ;

And the men like blackguards,

They pull out their yards,

And they run at the women again.

Arrah what do you think I like most ?

Arrah what do you think I like most ?

'Tis

'Tis a cup of good ale and a toast ;
 With a c——t in my hand,
 That will make my p——k stand ;
 Tho' my b——ks were nail'd to a post.



R E C I T A T I V E.

UPON a bulk, a cinder wench was laid,
 Her uncomb'd locks, dirt-matted to her head,
 Ashes and piss her tawny thighs besmear'd,
 Her clefted c——t like fresh kill'd beef appear'd,
 In that mute mouth her fingers deep she thrust,
 And thus invok'd the vig'rous god of lust :

Tune, Hosier's Ghost.

Come you p——tle pleasing powers,
 Hear a shiftless bunter's cries ;
 Let some kennel raker scower,
 This salt sluice between my thighs :
 A maid will f——g, an old man flog, Sir,
 B—gr—rs will both sides use ;
 She's a fool, and they are dogs, Sir,
 F—k—g is the game I chuse. When

When great ladies want a f——k, Sir,
 They can instantly be ferv'd ;
 We poor girls have nò such luck, Sir,
 Poor and p——klefs must be starv'd :
 Is there not one mortal living,
 Will afford a c——t relief ;
 Then for want of instant f——k—g,
 Down she sunk, and pifs'd for grief.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Bit by the bugs beneath a cobbler lay,
 To him thro' chinks the brackish stream made way ;
 He rous'd, he lous'd, he farted, scrubb'd, and swore,
 Mounted the bulk, and seized the hungry whore :
 Her clammy c——t like stale boil'd tripe was stretch'd ;
 No words he made but plump into her pitch'd,
 No words she needed, he had none to say,
 But thro' the puddl'd stream he swashing f——k—d
 his way.

Tune, Which nobody can deny.

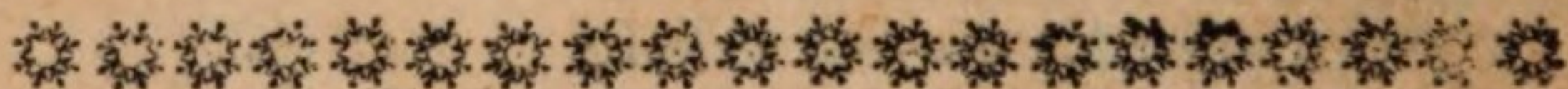
As soon as she felt him her tears she forsook,
 With her buttocks she nimbly kept time to the stroke,
 And cunningly made the most of her f——k.

*Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.*

Sch

She farted, he swore; she piss'd, and he stunk;
 Made an end of his f—k—g, and down again stunk,
 So ends the conjunction 'twixt p—t—e and punk.

Which nobody can deny.



RECITATIVE.

A beauteous brimstone in decay of trade,
 Thus sung in melancholy sad parade:

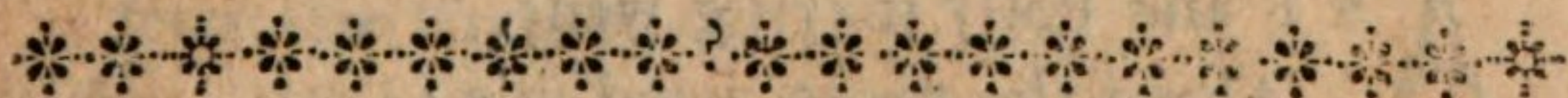
Tune, My fond Shepherds, &c.

MY fond stallions of late were so blest,
 Their fair brimstones so joyous and gay;
 That each night they sh—gg—d hard before rest,
 And they merrily fw—v'd all the day:
 But ah! what a scene must appear!
 Must the pastime of f—k—g be o'er?
 Shall poor p—t—e poor p—t—e no more touch
 me here;

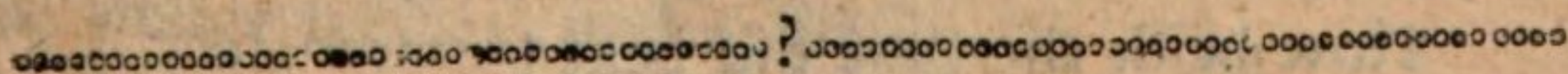
Shall I wag these plump b——k's no more:

Must

Must the p——s from their play things be led ;
 Must we seek for fresh f—g—g abroad ;
 Must our c——t's be all cramm'd in a sled ;
 And we lie in the common high road :
 Must our bums be all bodder'd around ;
 What worse can us brimstones betide ;
 Must dear p—— dear p—— expire on the ground ;
 And shall b——ks hang down by his side.

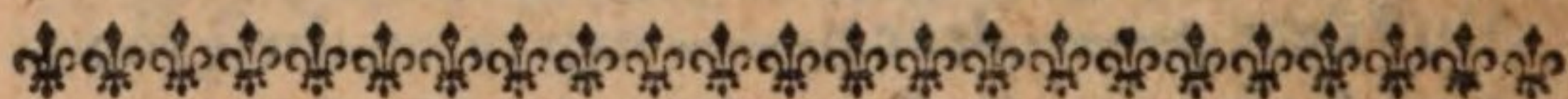


ONCE I lov'd a lady fair,
 And that you may believe me
 But on her c——t there grew no hair,
 And that did sorely grieve me :
 It vex'd me fore, it plagu'd me more,
 It put me in a passion ;
 To think that I had got a wife,
 Who's c——t was out of fashion.



JOAN I do thee love, fal, lal, lal,
 None I prize above, fal, lal, lal,

I'll put it into thee Joan :
 No by my troth, I'm not such a fool ;
 Send for the parson and wed,
 And then you may put your belly full.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.



AS I and Polly maying went,
 Along the green wood side ;
 With some soft words she did consent,
 That she would be my bride.

My instrument was well in tune,
 And she in chearful key ;
 And frankly then we did presume,
 To play a roundelay.

Each part did well in concert move,
 How brisk the tune did beat !
 Our notes such moving strains did move,
 That she cried out repeat.

Our musick was so charming sweet,
 We play'd it three times o'er :
 But when I could no more repeat,
 She laugh'd and cry'd encore.

.....

Tune, *A Cobbler there was.*

TWAS cold, when young Roger had leave
 from the 'Squire,
 To cleave some dry wood to recruit his wife's fire;
 When at every blow from his stomach there broke
 A hem ! or a hah ! full as loud as the stroke.
Derry down, &c.

His wife standing by, would needs know the
 reason ;
 Quoth Hodge, these emissions in lab'ring, ease one ;
 For while voice and members at once thus employ'd
 are,
 I drive the wedge farther, and make the slit wider.
Derry down, &c.

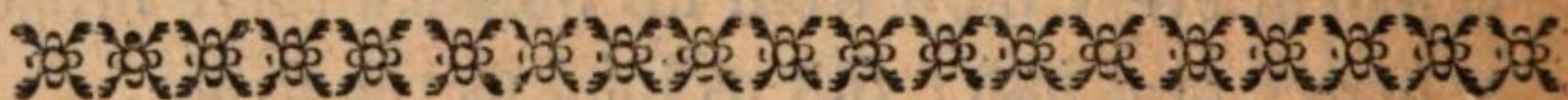
Attentive Joan heard, and was silent till night,
 When Roger performing the conjugal rite,
 D In

In the midst of the rapturous, amorous game,
 She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him cry
 hem !

Derry down, &c.

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
 A comfort so large as his spouse could receive ;
 He cry'd, my dear jewel, I can hem ! no more in,
 There's odds, you must know, between cleaving and
 boring.

Derry down, &c.



Tune—Damon and Celia.

FAIR Chloe once, in loose attire,
 Inflam'd by love, with strong desire
 And ardent longing, thus she said,
 Oh ! Colin, come—I'm ripe for joy,
 This flame thy Chloe will destroy ;
 Take, take this—maidenhead.

The laughing god, who caus'd her pain,
 Flew swiftly to the verdant plain,

Where

Where Colin watch'd his store :
Resolv'd to have a little game,
He told—the swain enraptur'd came,
And listen'd at her door.

He heard with joy what Chloe said,
Rush'd in, as she sat on her bed,
And flew into her arms ;
He prest—she fell—I die, she cry'd,
I die too—Colin said—and dy'd
With bliss amidst her charms.

LET poor priggish parsons declaim as they're
wont,
Dull mortals be damn'd, here's a bumper to C—t.
No canting canonical keeps us in awe,
For F——k——g fulfils the Mosaical law.

Derry down, &c.

All women religious this lesson believe,
And tradition's their tut'refs, from grandmother
Eve,

Who

Who cuckolded Adam, tho' hardly put to't;
And for want of a man, got the devil to do't.

Derry down, &c.

The daughters of Lot drank dad-da to a pitch,
Then funn'd the old man to tip them a stitch;
A woman's desire by this you may gather,
That rather than want they will f——k with their
father.

Derry down, &c.

Had Sampson's strength laid in his P——k there's
no doubt,
The wife had been loyal as the husband was stout;
But the man that can't F——k the women despise,
So she cut off his hair and put out his eyes.

Derry down, &c.

When Bathsheba David's long P——e was stroak-
ing,
She told him he was but a fumbler at f——g;
Tho' with one stone he knock'd down the giant
Goliath,

Yet his two could not conquer the wife of Uriah.

Derry down, &c.

Queen

Queen Sheba to Solomon's court came beseeching,
'Twas more for the sake of his p——k than his
preaching;

He enter'd his argument deeply to win her,
And emptied his Measure of wisdom within her.

Derry down, &c.

Sufannah the Elders refus'd, we suppose,
They shew'd their old P—ks, but she turn'd up her
nose,

They begg'd for a F—k, but she answer'd them
blunt,

Such frigid old tools gave no joy to a C—t.

Derry down, &c.

By this you may learn, from the days of old
Adam,

All women were fond of good P—ks, when they
had 'em ;

May they have them from us, boys, drink a bum-
per upon't,

My song it began, and I'll end it with C—t.

Derry down, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Black Joke.*

A Little black think fat on a cushing,
It was hairy without, and toothless within.
With a fall, lall, &c.

A piper and two little drummers came there,
And knocked at the door that was cover'd with hair.
With a fall lall, &c.

The piper went in, and jigg'd it about,
While the two little drummers kept ruffing without.
With a fall, lall, &c.

The piper came out, not as he went in;
For he had beat out his brains, and was strip'd of
his skin. *With a fall, lall, &c.*

The piper had better been out of the way,
And not been so fond to f—u—c—k.
With a fall lall, &c.

But pray who would not in the piper's place be,
To enjoy such a pretty black c—u—n—t?
With a fall, lall, &c.

M A R S

MARS and VENUS.

T WAS on a certain day,
 When Mars and Venus met,
 They both being young and gay,
 To pleasure quickly fet:
 But little Cupid them espy'd,
 And watch'd 'em both so narrow,
 He cou'd not bide, but loud he cry'd,
 Come off my mother, firrah !

Sirrah ! sirrah ! sirrah !

Come off my mother, sirrah !

Dear Cupid, hold your tongue,
 My pretty little boy ;
 I'll not your mother wrong,
 Go, go your way to play :
 With that he clasp'd her in his arms,
 As if he'd thrust her thorough ;
 Zounds ! cry'd the lad, as if he was mad,
 Come off my mother, firrah !

Sirrah ! &c.

Dear

Dear Cupid, hold your peace,
Your mother is a woman ;
We do this for our ease,
In all the world 'tis common :
Now if you will but give me leave,
To draw my golden arrow,
I'll give you a groat ; pshaw ! I value it not,
Come off my mother, firrah !
Sirrah ! &c.

Dear Cupid this is Mars,
The famous god of battle ;
All plannets fear his force,
Pray cease your tittle tattle :
He is a god that does command,
He'll neither beg nor borrow.
Be he god or devil, he ought to be civil ;
Come off my mother, firrah !
Sirrah ! &c.

She clapt his pouting cheeks,
Crying, Mars's fury's over ;
Our friendship 'tis he seeks,
This secret ne'er discover :

He

He will not stay to trouble you,
 For he'll be gone to-morrow :
 He may go be hang'd ! be curs'd ! and be damn'd !
 Come off my mother, sirrah !
Sirrah ! &c.



AS Phillis the gay,
 At the break of the day,
 Went out to the meadows a-maying,
 A clown lay asleep,
 By a river so deep,
 That round in meanders was straying.

His bosom was bare,
 And for whiteness so rare,
 Her heart it was gone without warning ;
 With cheeks of such hue,
 That the rose wet with dew,
 Ne'er look'd half so fresh in the morning.

She

She cull'd the new hay,
And down by him she lay,
Her passion too strong for disguising ;
She play'd with his eyes,
Till he wak'd in surprize,
And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

She sung him a song,
As she lean'd on her prong,
And she rested her hand on his shoulder :
She press'd his coy cheek,
To her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to infold her.

The shepherd grew kind,
With a kiss told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his blessing :
Together they stray'd,
Sung, frolick'd, and play'd,
But what they did more there's no guessing.

The RED PETTICOAT.

AS I was going down by a wood high,
 I saw a red petticoat hanging to dry,
Hanging to dry, hanging to dry,
I saw a red petticoat hanging to dry.

I pull'd off my breeches, and hung them hard by,
 To keep the red petticoat company.
Company, &c.

The wind it blew hard, and down they both fell,
 Breeches and petticoat into the well.
Into, &c.

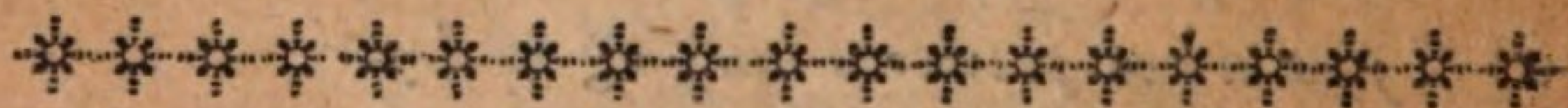
Zounds ! says the breeches, I shall be duck'd,
 I hope, says the petticoat, I shall be —— fav'd.
I shall be, &c.

O how my old mother will grumble and grunt,
 For want of a covering over her —— face.
Over her, &c.

She

She must even do like her grandmother Eve,
Cover her c—ountenance with a fig leaf.

*With a fig leaf, with a fig leaf,
Cover her c—ountenance with a fig leaf.*



The C H A M B E R M A I D.

NOT far from town a country 'squire,
An open-hearted blade,
Had long conceiv'd a strong desire
To kiss his chambermaid.

One summer's eve, quite full of glee,
He took her to the shade,
And underneath a mulberry tree,
He kiss'd his chambermaid.

The parson's wife from window high,
The amorous pair survey'd,
And strongly wish'd none can deny,
She'd been the chambermaid:

The

The sport being o'er, poor Betsy cry'd,
 Dear Sir, I'm much afraid
 That woman there will tell your spouse,
 That you have kiss'd her maid.

A lucky thought the 'Squire conceived
 That she might not upbraid ;
 And instantly his spouse he brought
 Where he had kiss'd her maid :

There underneath the Mulberry-tree
 Her ladyship he laid ;
 And there most sweetly kiss'd was she,
 Just like her chambermaid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
 For scandal was her trade ;
 I saw your spouse Ma'am, on my life,
 Great with your chambermaid :

When ? where ? and how ? the lady cry'd
 I'll strait discharge the jade ;
 'Twas underneath the Mulberry-tree,
 He kiss'd your chambermaid.

This

This scandal, cry'd her ladyship,
 Shall not my spouse degrade ;
 'Twas I myself there made a slip,
 And not my chambermaid :

Both parties parted in a pet,
 Believing nought was said,
 And Betsey keeps her place as yet,
 The pretty chambermaid.



CUNNEY-HALL,

I Have a tenement to let,
 'Twill please both great and small, Sir,
 And if you'd know the name of it,
 'Tis called Cunney-Hall, Sir :

Fall, lall, lall, &c.

It's seated in a pleasant vale,
 Beneath two rising hills, Sir,
 And thro' it runs a purling stream,
 Would turn a little mill, Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.

My house it's very dark by night,
 And so is it by day, Sir ;
 But when you're fairly enter'd in,
 You cannot lose your way, Sir ;

Fall, lall, &c.

When you are in, push boldly on,
 As far as e'er you can, Sir,
 And if you reach the end of it,
 You'll be where ne'er was man, Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.

There is no window to my house,
 Nor is there but one door, Sir ;
 No parlours fine, nor rooms up stairs,
 But just the middle floor, Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.

But let not that discourage you,
 For e're that you're long there, Sir ;
 If that your furniture's too large,
 You'll soon find room to spare, Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.

It is not roof'd with flates or tile,
Nor is it piec'd or patch'd, Sir ;
A drop of rain cannot get in,
It is so nicely thatch'd, Sir :

Fall, lall, &c

But if I do not let it soon,
By Jove I'll have it cry'd, Sir ;
For what's the use of such a place,
Unless 'tis occupy'd ? Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.

On two fair pillars stands this house,
Altho' so high the door, Sir,
You can't get fairly in, unless
You creep upon all four, Sir :

Fall, lall, &c.

Tho' ne'er a foul there is within,
My little door to lock, Sir,
It is so cunningly contriv'd,
'Twill open when you knock, Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.

It is furrounded by a wood,
Where there is game in plenty ;
And all so stout, you will not meet
The like in places twenty :

Fall, lall, &c.

Of Cunny-hunting day and night,
You'll have your full enjoyment ;
And if in cocking you delight,
You ne'er can want employment.

Fall, lall, &c.

My house is warm without a fire,
In it is peace and plenty ;
It is in very good repair,
And han't stood years yet twenty :

Fall, lall, &c.

The kind of tennant I wou'd chuse,
I now must tell you fairly ;
He must be young, and one that can,
Get up both late and early.

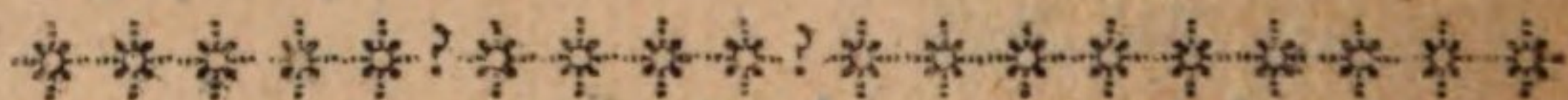
Fall, lall, &c.

One that can cultivate my land,
 And sow it in due season ;
 And handle well his thrashing flail,
 As oft as there's occasion :

Fall, lall, &c.

If this he does, I promise him,
 I ne'er for rent will call, Sir,
 But if he fails, I will eject
 Him out of Cunney-Hall, Sir.

Fall, lall, &c.



The V I C A R.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass,
 Who at cares of the world does repine ;
 'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispell fortune's
 frown,
 That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the vine,
 'Tis this in all States, their true interest protects,
 And enlivens the lamp of our clay ;
 The parson's looks teach, tho' against it they preach,
 Then believe them, believe them, who pleases,
 I say. 'Tis

'Tis not long ago, that a Vicar I know,
 Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell ;
 Who o'er bottle and bowl, fat with many a good soul,
 Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong, went
 the bell :

Then having a hickup, left the chair with a kick up,
 I must go, else the church will complain ;
 But friends dont think me rude, I swear by my
 priesthood,
 I'll but preach, I'll but preach, and be with you, again.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gate,
 With his sermon in mem'rys large chest :

To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a dose ;
 Crying excellent ! excellent wine ! I protest :
 The whole congregation, in strange consternation,
 Left the church with a sigh, at the cause :
 But the clerk more devout, cries, Sir, they're all out,
 Then fill them, then fill them, again my brave boys.

In law 'twas design'd, justice still should be blind,
 Yet she'll squint, if self interest does call ;
 For I'm certain I cou'd o'er a hoghead that's good,
 Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and all.
 If

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,
Yet old Noah would tipple, they say ;
And we gather from hence, that all mortals of sense,
Are the sons of old Noah, old Noah : huzza.



WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air ;
Each helping the other in pleasure we roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens the soul.

Wine prudently used will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch of
the vine.

But should she my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit, to be blest with her love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

A S O N G.

YE priggs who are troubled with consciences
qualms,

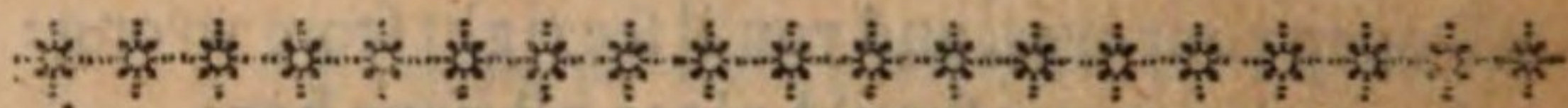
Who are ever a-praying, or chanting of psalms ;
Come listen a while, and I'll sing you a song,
Shall open your eyes, and you'll see right from wrong :
In *claret* alone you shou'd place all your hope,
There's more absolution in that than the Pope ;
'Tis the fovereign Elixir salutis of life,
By which you may face either devil or wife.

Your Mars and Apollo in spight of the schools,
And Jupiter eke, to our Bacchus are fools ;
When his blessed spirit enlivens our clods,
Each mortal's inspir'd with the power of the gods :
Not Mars is so valiant, when watchmen provoke ;
Not Phebus so wise, when the justice we smoke ;
Nor is Jove so rampant in all his amours,
As we when we thunder from *claret* to *whores*.

My morals are found, for they lie in my glafs,
My religion and faith, are my bottle and las ;
My church is the tavern, a vintner my priest,
And thus I go on till the faint is deceased : And

And when I no longer can revel and roar,
But must part with my bottle, my friend, and my
whore ;

Embalm me in *claret*, pay rites at my shrine,
Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.



L O V E S T U N E.

Metaphysic'ly mop'd, as I sat in my study,
With dull Mathematicks and Staticks grown
muddy ;

I heard at my door, loves tune, *tall de rall*,
When laughingly enter'd, in gay deshabille,
Like May mornings sunshine, Brunetta the Belle ;
Grace polish'd her motion, and music her tongue ;
She look'd like a rake, like a Saint tho' she sung,
'Twent all to the tune of loves tune, *tall de rall*.

Then dropping down negligent into a chair,
She the Harpsichord touch'd, and just humm'd out
an air,

'Twas all to the tune of loves tune, *tall de rall*.
I ask'd for the words, but she smiling said, no,

What

What signifies words when the tune best will do ;
 I rose at the hint, and flew to her breast ;
 Sunk into her arms, and as for the rest,
 'Twent all to the tune of loves tune, *tall de rall.*

Your poets may scribble, your preachers may preach,
 Critics may comment, and teachers may teach ;
 Their preaching and teaching's but *tall de rall.*
 On electrical streams let nat'ralists pore,
 We have the fire of love, what can they have more ;
 On the tunes of the spheres, let Astronomer's call,
 Can their tunes be compar'd to loves tune, *tall
 de rall.*

Then cheek to cheek leaning, and lip to lip prest,
 With arms intertwineing, we fondly embrac'd,
 And strictly kept time to loves tune, *tall de rall.*
 She shewed a white arm, held a bumper with grace'
 Claret beam'd in the glass, love glow'd in her face ;
 Then whisper'd this toast, here the song of the soul,
 The chime of the senses, loves tune, *tal de rall.*

tall de rall, &c.

THO'

Tune, *Shawnbree*.

TH O' turtle's in vogue, Sir, and barbecu'd
hog, Sir,
And India is ranfack'd for feasting ;
Yet ladies declare, be impartial ye fair,
Is there nothing at home that's worth tasting ?
Tho' at each foreign treat of your outlandish meat,
All's feason'd as high as high can be ;
Yet no feaf'ning can do, or give the bon gout,
Like the well sprinkl'd sauce of the *Shawnbree*.
To ladies of quality all joy and jollity,
Routing and raking and ranting ;
What's their side boards of plate? and dining in state?
If the desert of *Shawnbree* is wanting :
From dinner they rise, with love swimming eyes,
And stretch themselves lewd as lewd can be ;
To their stallions they steal, make an end of the meal,
And suck in the soup of a *Shawnbree*.
Ye boarding school lasses, with green sickness
faces,
Who swallow chalk, oat-meal, and charcoal ;
No more you'd look fallow for want of a fellow,
If *Shawnbree* was hid in your dark-hole : Did

Did you once come to taste on't, you'd long for a
feast on't,
And swallow it greedy as can be ;
Your mother's that bore ye, fed on it before ye,
And suck'd thro' the sugar stick *Shawnbree*.

The city bred lady, whose husband's not ready,
Will take a short snap with her 'prentice ;
Her alderman spouse to her sorrow she knows,
His *Shawnbree* is non compos mentis :
Each toothless old maid, who at church makes parade,
And of virtue talks loud as loud can be ;
On crutches will hobble, and greedily gobble,
And mumble the marrow of *Shawnbree*.

To govern each creature, this standard of nature,
At first was presented to Adam ;
He call'd it his mace, and a red velvet case,
To preserve it was made up for Madam :
And to keep her in awe, oft his sceptre he'd draw,
She'd receive it as patient as can be ;
Pray ladies now give, like your grandmother Eve,
A ready admittance to *Shawnbree*.

The

The GODS and GOODDESSES.

IN Heav'n, once at an ambrosial feast,
When the Lasc-loving God was the host, Sir,
He lewdly propos'd a good health to the best,
And Venus's C—t was the toast, Sir.
The Gods lick'd their lips, whilst the health went
about,
But Juno, and Pallas, began both to pout,
As much as to say, Sir, what means such a rout
About toasting the C—t of dame Venus.

First Juno began, and she swore by her pow'r,
As wives you know sometimes ride rusty;
The nectar began to drink damnably sour,
The toast in itself was so musty.
Says squeamishly Pallas, pray what do you mean,
To drink such a toast, and not think of your queen;
Her flesh is as firm, and her C—t is as clean
As the C—t of that common whore Venus.

Says

Says smilingly Venus, to offend you I'm loth,
 But pray what C—t have I, how do you know?
 By Jove I'll be judg'd, and I'm sure he's f—k'd both,
 I've a C—t that's much cleaner than Juno's.
 But for you, Mrs Prude, you're a fusty old minx,
 For want of good f——g your C—t surely stinks;
 Get a stone horse to scour it, 'twere better methinks
 Than find fault with the parts of your betters.

Jove rous'd himself then, like a drunken director,
 And bid them behave themselves civil,
 And quietly tope off their bumpers of nectar,
 Or troop with their C—ts to the devil.
 Here's a fust with your cleanliness, zounds, 'tis a
 jest;
 By Juno herself I've heard it confess'd,
 Tho' you've heavenly C—ts, yet they stink at the
 best;
 So away went the Goddesses grumbling.

Says jovially Bacchus, pray, father, have done,
 You see they went quiet along, Sir,
 Come let's drink about since the ladies are gone.
 Brother Phœbus will give us a song, Sir. Apol-

Apollo began, with the help of the Nine ;
 The ladies return, and most lovingly join ;
 Such power has music when mingled with wine,
 They got lovingly drunk all together.



Tune—By the Side of a great Kitchen Fire.

BY the side of a clear chrystal stream,
 A shepherdes weeping was laid ;
 And while a stiff P—k was her theme,
 A willow supported her head ;
 And the wind, that arose by good luck,
 Her petticoats lifted so high,
 I spy'd that she wanted a F—k,
 By the juice that ran down her white thigh.

In a suppliant song she express'd
 To the Goddess of Beauty her want ;
 Who quickly her sorrow redress'd,
 And sent her a tool for her C—t :

A youth from a neighbouring grove,
 Fair Venus directed that way,
 Who often to F—k her had strove,
 Now determin'd he'd not be said nay.

His p—go bold upright did stand,
 At the sight of a C—t so coal black,
 He slip'd it into her moist hand ;
 She kiss'd it, and fell on her back ;
 He made a full thrust at her nick,
 She vow'd that it could not be bore,
 And cry'd she ne'er felt such a P—k,
 Although she had handled threescore.



C U P I D and C H L O E

Tune, *Black Joke.*

AS Chloë was bathing one hot summers's day,
 The arch-god of Love went a-shooting that
 way,

With

With his sly looks, and malice so deep :
 Were his weapons in order so naked he found her,
 He surely had laid her as flat as a flounder ;
 But when with his dart he attempted to sting,
 He drew with such force, that he broke his bow-string ;
 And then the best he could do was to peep.

The lillies so fair when she was not by 'em,
 Were nothing but daffodils when she came nigh 'em,
 So fair was her face, her skin was so white :
 Altho' but a blinker, he plainly discovers
 Such charms as would vanquish the stoutest of
 lovers ;
 He view'd her behind, and he view'd her before,
 Had he seen his own mother, he cou'd see no more ;
 Oh ! what wou'd a mortal give for such a sight.

Whatever was beautiful, surely was there,
 But nothing so pleas'd the young god as her hair,
 For never were locks so finely display'd ;
 To paint to perfection, is hard for my song,
 The colour so bright, and the buckle so strong :
 When

I

I

I

I

I

I

I

When she stretch'd them at length, they gave such
a spring,
Which made him conclude one would make a
bow string;
And for it an artful project he laid.

The god from his ambush quickly arose,
And suddenly stept up the bank to her cloaths,
And stood, as in arms, confess'd to her sight;
In what a sad taking was then the poor maid,
To run to her petticoats she was afraid;
Dear Chloe, said Cupid, for one single hair,
You may purchase my friendship, 'tis what you can
spare;

Then give it, and there is an end of your fright.

The request was so small, she was loth to refuse it,
But what he insisted on, was that he'd chuse it,
To which the poor girl was oblig'd to consent;
He rummag'd her head behind and before,
Her eye-brows, her eye-lids, and search'd them all
o'er;

He chose one at length, but from which of the three,
The criticks dispute it, yet all do agree,
That Cupid was pleas'd, and Chloe content.

His bow then he strung, and his string did so fit it,
That he never aim'd at a heart but he hit it;

What havock he made is hard to declare :
Whoever has felt the power of his bow,
'Twou'd—blefs his majesty—made him lie low ;
Then Chloe, dear Chloe, pray fend for a barber,
It may be high treason such locks for to harbour ;
For love will get at 'em where ever they are.

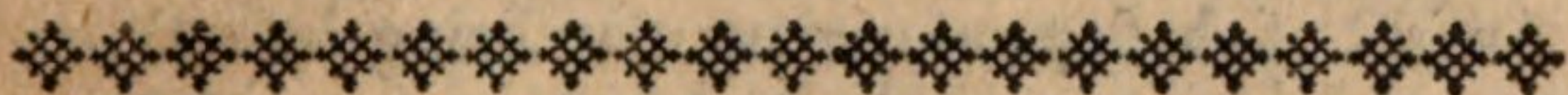


The F I L L Y.

WHAT man so silly to think he's able,
To back a filly when old and feeble ;
Wheezing, teasing, grunting, mounting,
Scarce after all to the saddle can rise :
And when upon her at length he's got,
Away she flies, frisky and hot,
Sudden she lunges, capers, and plunges,
Off he is thrown, and away filly flies.

But let a merry clever brisk rider,
While you live ever, mount her he'll guide her,
Freen-

Freaking, squeeking, freying, neighing,
 Freely she'll move to his pleasure and ease ;
 Walk, trot, or gallop, still tight in hand,
 And with her tail up at his command,
 Freely she'll set up—a tit up—a tit up—as long as
 you please.



AS Celia reclin'd, on her couch she was laid,
 Just fourteen, and tir'd of living a maid ;
 When an itching between her two thighs did grow,
 The reason of which she was willing to know.
 Then straight to the looking-glass she did repair,
 But oh ! how surprizing the sight did appear,
 When casting her eyes on her belly so fair,
 She found a sweet patch cover'd over with hair.

Lord blefs me, said she, what can all this mean ?
 Can this be the cause of such itching and pain ?
 Then to rubbing it up and down she did begin,
 Till with rubbing, at last her finger slipt in.
 This will surely cure all she suddenly cries,
 Then to the couch staggers, and down flat she lies ;
 F And

And with uplifted eyes to the cieling did stare,
Till by dint of her labour she the quilt did besmear.

Ah, now I'm easy, and faith 'tis not bad,
To find such a method my heart is full glad ;
The pleasures attending how happy am I,
Amidst of these pleasures no man being by :
But Roger, who cunningly lay there conceal'd,
When expos'd to her view, her spirits quite fail'd ;
But he cried out, my dear Celia, from me you shan't
go,
For that's but an emblem of what you shall know.

He says, my dear Celia ! then down on her lies,
And with one of his knees he divides her two thighs ;
With a stiff standing t—e this fair maid did ap-
proach,
And the vessel of Venus began for to broach.
She cries out, dear Roger ! dear Roger ! forbear,
If you thrust it all in, oh I'll cry out I swear !
No sooner he'd wrought it quite up to the hilt,
But she cried out again, I have slobber'd the quilt

Then

Then in a convulsion I'm dying, she cries,
With sighs, and with murmurs, and uplifted eyes,
Which made him conjecture by what he did see,
She shared the pleasure of his bathrabee.

Then reviving, to Roger she cries you're my dear,
If you'll often repeat the joys we've had here
For you have so infallibly eas'd all my pain,
That I never will f—g with my fingers again.



Tune, In Infancy.

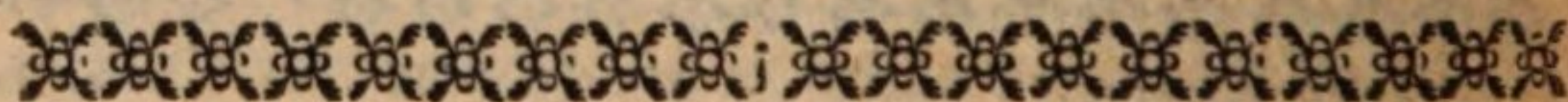
IN infancy my grot was small,
No flowers border'd there;
Nor to adorn this little hall,
Did one bright stone appear.

No grass was seen on either side,
No seed had there been sown;
But now the spot is beautify'd,
And pav'd with precious stone.

Nor

Now all around a flow'ry braid,
Gives lustre to the scene ;
And curling tendrils lend their aid,
To shelter those within.

A stream right through the center flows,
To wash off every stain ;
And those that bathe therein but once,
Will wish to bathe again.



WHEN first procreation began,
Ere forms interrupted the bliss,
Each woman might love any man,
Each man any woman might kiss.

The youth who beheld a plump lass,
Declar'd in few words his request ;
Nor whin'd like an amorous ass,
Nor ever departed unblest.

The girl who was ripe for the game,
Look'd out for a fizeable lad ;
Then frankly discover'd her flame,
And what she demanded, she had.

But while they thus revell'd at large,
And bantlings increas'd in their kind,
The mother still bore all the charge : —
The father what mortal could find ?

So when great Semiramis reign'd,
The women repin'd at their lot ;
The queen matrimony ordain'd,
That each might maintain what he got.

While under this petticoat rule,
The men were oblig'd to submit ;
The wife went abroad, and the fool
Still own'd all that came in his net.

The men on this system refin'd ;
They granted the union for life ;
But made (their chaste spouses to bind)
The husband the head of the wife.

Tra-

Tradition establish'd the cheat ;
 (Tradition makes all things divine,)
It aw'd the dull croud ; but the great
 What precept could ever confine ?

The sacred lawgivers of yore,
 And all the old sages of Greece,
Could flily dispense with a score,
 Though others had but one a-piece.

'Twas thought for the good of mankind ;
 So into the canons it past ;
The mob will for ever be blind ;
 And therefore 'tis likely to last.

Still may the decrees of the state
 Impose on an ignorant realm :
Let us our own charter create,
 And do as they do at the helm,

When one has the beauty to charm,
 And t' other the manhood to please.
In love can there be any harm,
 Arising from motives like these ?

WHEN.

WHENEVER, Chloe, I begin,
Your heart, like mine, to move,
You tell me of the crying sin
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,
Which gave to Chloe birth?
How can those joys but be divine,
Which make a heav'n on earth?

To wed, mankind the priests trapann'd,
By some sly fallacy,
And disobey'd God's great command,
Increase and multiply.

You say, that love's a crime, content;
Yet this allow you must,
More joy's in heaven when one repents,
Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for heav'n's sake,
Repent, and be forgiv'n;
Bless me, and by repentance make
A holiday in heav'n.

SAVE

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
That can bribe honest souls to endure it :
When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with
care,

Dear women and wine only can cure it.

Dear women, &c.

Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them.

He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,

Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

As women and wine, dear women and wine,

Whilst vigour, &c.

Our wine shall be old, brisk, and sound, my dear Jack,

To heighten our amorous fires ;

Our girls plump and sound, shall kiss with a smack,

And gratify all our desires ;

Our girls plump and sound, shall kiss with a smack,

The bottles we'll crack, and the lasses we'll smack,

And gratify, &c.

HUM.

H U M B U G.

THAT life is a joke, John Gay has express'd,
Come on then, and let's make most of a jest;
In the world's great journey all mortals are jogging,
Where some are humbug'd, and others humbuging.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

The Courtier puts on a political face,
And ogling familiarly, leers on his Grace;
Then cries, I'm your friend, Sir, depend on my
word;

But if you depend, you're humbug'd by the Lord.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

Tho' the Prude wears in public the gravest de-
meanour,
Yet in secret she'll take all that man can put in her;
Then honestly owns, as her fellow she'll hug,
That life without f——g is all a humbug.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

When the husband confides in his wanton wife's airs,
When the virgin will pity her fond lover's pray'rs,
When

When the love of a whore is believ'd by her cully,
All three are, in justice, humbug'd for their folly.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

When pretty Miss struts, in the fashions array'd,
So prim she appears, that you'd swear she's afraid;
But her husband, when ask'd, will answer you glum,
That her maidenhead, psha, 'twas all but a hum.

Sing Tantarara, &c.

From mother to daughter this humbug has gone,
Women ever for f——g and humbuggers known,
So that f——g and humbug alike we may call;
That's right, says the Parson, I'll humbug you all.

Sing Tantarara, &c.



Tune, Shawnbree,

AS Damon stray'd thro' yonder grove,
In pensive mood a musing,
He there beheld the Queen of Love,
Her fav'rite theme perusing;
Her breasts were swell'd with heaving sighs,
And deep oppress'd as can be,
And ever and anon she cries,
"I die to taste of Shawnbree.

Oft

Oft Chloe with her darling fwain,
Retreats to shady bow'rs,
There quenching love's fierce raging pain,
With blifs beguiles the hours ;
And Sylvia too does joy poffefs,
And pleasures great as can be,
For Strephon does her paffion blefs,
And ſhe's her will of Shawnbree.

O Cupid, God of pleasing Love,
As fo thou art, befriend me ;
O kindly now my pray'r approve,
And to my aid now fend me
Some ſprightly youth, that's made to charm
A maiden, warm as can be,
With rapture ev'ry ſenſe to' alarm,
And let me taſte of Shawnbree."

He perſonated then the boy,
And faith ſincere preſented,
But with exceſs of ſwelling joy,
Upon the ground ſhe fainted :

Reſolv'd

Resolv'd to yield, what would betide,
 Her legs were wide as can be,
 Then Damon slip'd between the stride,
 And let her taste of Shawnbree.

With eager grasp th' each other press'd,
 Their melting souls dissolving,
 Whilst twining t——s the h——s embrac'd,
 In circling folds revolving.
 With closer squeeze, she murm'ring cries,
 "Push farther, if it can be."
 Then sighing deep, again she dies,
 Such pleasure is in Shawnbree.



Tune,—*Foys to Great Cæsar.*

SIX Knights of the Garter f——d six Maids of
 Honour,
 Six times of a night, Sir, for six months together.
Toll loll, &c.

Six lusty young fellows, with their thundering
tar—s,
F——d six poor young girls, and tore their C—ts
to their a—es.

Toll loll, &c.

They f——d 'em up the stairs,
They f——d 'em down the stairs,
They f——d 'em on the chairs,
They f——d 'em off the chairs,
And first they f——d 'em here,
And then they f——d 'em there,
But still they kept f——g on, Sir.

Toll loll doll, &c.



Tune—Come haste to the Wedding.

C O M E haste to our lodge, Bucks, we are all
friends and neighbours,
Our lewd lovely wenches our blifs won't delay,
Forget all your buboes, your shankers, and cordees,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.

Ye

Ye clean whores all,
 Attend to my call,
 Come revel in stitching that never can cloy,

C H O R U S.

*Come see f——g felicity,
 We jovial Bucks beyond measure enjoy.*

Let clap upon clap be given ambition,
 Crowd on her who lends but her C—t to the Great.
 To such wretched doxies we give no admision,
 But leave 'em to all pocky bloods of the state.

We covet no wealth,
 But contentment and health,
 In handling plump bobbies, our moments employ.
Come see, &c.

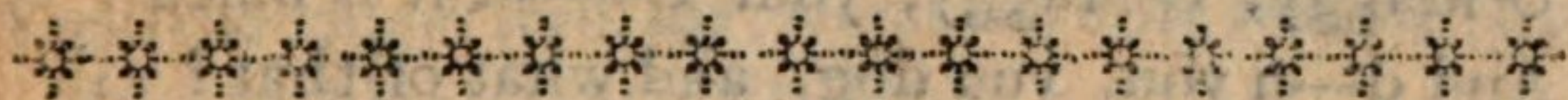
With reason we taste of each heart stirring pleasure;
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl;
 Are jocund, but keep L—d Splitbeard in measure,
 Left d——d salivation enslave his free soul.

Come come at our greeting,
 To this bawdy meeting,

No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.

Come see f—g felicity,

We jovial Bucks beyond measure enjoy.



Tune, *Black-Joke.*

As I was walking down by yon vale,
 I spy'd a young girl a f—g—g herself ;
 With a cabbage-stalk as long as my arm :
 O P—ks, P—ks, O fie for shame ?
 I vow and swear you're muckle to blame,
 To let a C—t of such flesh and hair,
 Gang f—g—g itself through very despair,
 With a cabbage stalk, as long as my arm.

I laid her down upon the spot ;
 I cock'd my pistol, to fire a shot
 At her black joke and belly so white ;
 But to fire one shot it was great folly,
 To fire at a C—t that wou'd stand a whole volley ;
 For tho' I cou'd f—k like any Turk,
 A bushell of p—ks wou'd not do the work
 Of her black joke and belly so white.

I scrap'd the crabs like the scales of a salmon,
I rattled my balls like the dice at back-gammon,

At her black joke and belly so white :

O Maggy, O Maggy, your C——t it is black !

And d——n you, you dog, and what of that ?

Tho' it's black without, it is velvet within,

Then out with your whistle, and whip it in

To my black joke and belly so white.

As I was a walking down by you lake,

I f——k'd an old whore, and my p——k it did break,

In her black joke and belly so white :

The bitch ran away with the piece in her C——t,

And I follow'd after, still wagging my stump,

At her coal-black joke, that wou'd lather like
foap,

And the hair of a c——t will draw more than a
rope,

To a black joke and belly so white.

Tune,

Tune, *Shawnbree*.

YE lasses so pretty, so well shap'd and witty,
 Who love to indulge inclination ;
 You'll no longer seem shy, when you once come to try,
 The ravishing touch titillation :
 Tho' in public the prude will cry, Lord, Sir,
 you're rude !

And turn away scornful as can be ;
 Yet in private she'll take in her arms the dear rake,
 And accept overjoy'd of a Shawnbree.

The girl of fifteen, pin'd with sickness call'd green,
 This elixir salutis will ease, Sir ;
 'Tis the doctor procur'd, by each fair one ador'd,
 And a medicine for ev'ry disease, Sir :
 To a poor dying creature, this clyster of nature,
 Administer'd warm as warm can be ;
 Old and young, rich and poor, 'twill certainly cure,
 By injecting the juice of the Shawnbree.

Ye virgins be wiser, don't live like a miser,
 The pleasures of beauty ne'er tasting ;
 The diamond tho' fine, whilst hid in the mine,
 To no end there the brilliant lies waiting :

G

But

But when brought into use, 'twill pleasure produce,
 And sparkle as bright as bright can be ;
 But no diamond so rare, can ever compare,
 To the jewels dependant on Shawnbree.

When confession is done between friar and nun,
 She absolution lies down to receive, Sir ;
 First he enter's her cell, then sprinkles it well,
 And absolves her as Adam did Eve, Sir :
 Since sinning I use, such absolving I choose,
 It's punishment pleasing as can be ;
 Father Dominic hear a fond penitent's prayer ?
 Let my penance each night be a Shawnbree.



The GRAY COCK.

SAW ye my father, saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my love, John ;
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your love, John.

I saw not, &c.

Then

Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And he tirl'd at the pin ;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she opened and let him in.

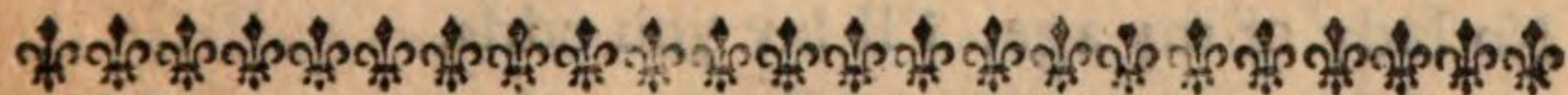
The Lassie taking, &c.

Flee, flee up, my bonny Gray Cock,
And crow when it is day ;
Thy neck shall be of the bonny golden hue,
And thy wings of the silver gray.

Thy neck shall be, &c.

The Cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon ;
The lassie tho't it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

The lassie tho't it, &c.



Tune, *Death and the Lady.*

FAIR lady, lay your lovely legs aside,
And be your snowy thighs extended wide ;
Take leave of fr * * g * * g, your late fond delight,
For I am come to f * * k you well this night.

What

What bold attempt is this, pray let me know ?
And why your yellow yard you brandish so ?
Must I, a youthful lady, tell me true,
Lie down and fw**e with such a stag as you ?

Not know me, ma'am ! then you shall understand,
Soon as you poise my P**o in your hand,
Stretch your sweet nether lips, you must agree,
I'm fu*k**g Frank, have you not heard of me ?

Yes, I have heard of you time after time ;
But being in the glory of my prime,
I little thought that such a swinging t**se,
Shou'd be so ramm'd so near my tender a**e.

Yet tho' I'm young, you'll find I'm not afraid,
I'll freely f**k like a good-natur'd maid :
No lady of my age, I'll lay you odds,
Shall sooner tame your p***k or drain your c*ds.

Tune

Tune, *Ally Croaker.*

T H E R E liv'd a brisk blood in Ballinocrazy,
And nought but a C**t cou'd make his P**k
easy ;

Long had he wish'd to fl***h Ally Croaker,

And thus the leach'rous lad bespoke her,

*Will you f**k with me, my dear Ally Croaker ?*

*Will you f**k with me, dear Ally Croaker ?*

This brave buxon stag tho' just come from the
school'ry,

No stranger to fu**k**g was, nor all its fool'ry,

He had a stiff p***k like a large kitchen poker,

Which he held in his hand to his dear Ally Croaker,

Crying, let me slip it in, my dear Ally Croaker,

To the bottomless pit of dear Ally Croaker.

I'll hunt with your father, I'll flatter your mo-
ther,

I'll fw**e your young sister, I'll bouse with your
brother ;

Behold my gay girl you can't call me joker,

For nine times a night I'll f**k Ally Croaker,

And

*And batter the bum of my dear Ally Croaker,
With a large bunch of b***ks, dear Ally Croaker.*

To all you young bucks who are fond of the
pleasure,
Of enjoying fine women and wine without mea-
sure,
Ye'd all fall a f**ck**g could you but smoke her,
And spend at the sight of my dear Ally Croaker.
*O the lov'd C**t of my dear Ally Croaker,
The black curling C**t of dear Ally Croaker.*



The F R I A R.

Tune, *Chow chow Cherry chow.*

THERE was a friar they called him Dick,
Fall lall lall, &c.

And he had a most d—mn—n P——k :
With a chow chow cherry chow, &c.

He f——d fillies, and he f——d foals,
Fall lall lall, &c.

And he f——d every thing that had holes
With, &c.

This

This friar he had a pretty little cat,
Fall lall, &c.

He put it in a boot, and then he f——d that.
With, &c.

This Friar he f——d himself to Hell,
Fall lall, &c.

And there he saw the Devil f—k a Frenchman well.
With a, &c.

Good Mr Devil lay by your basting stick,
Fall lall, &c.

Or else about your fundament I'll exercise my P—k.
With a, &c.

All the little Devil's jump'd upon the wall,
Fall lall, &c.

Crying *turn him out, turn him out*, or else he'll
f——k us all.

With a chow chow cherry chow, &c.

~~~~~

E L Y B A N K S.

E LY Banks and Ely Braes,

My blessing ever fa ye ;

I wish that I'd brunt a my clathes,

The first time e'er I saw ye :

For



For your sugar kisses were so sweet,  
 Deel d\*\*\*n me if I ken man ;  
 Ye caus'd me lay my legs aside,  
 And put it in my fell man.

There's ne'er a lass in a this town,  
 Can f——k so well as I can ;  
 Down wi your breeks, out wi your wand,  
 Hae ye a mind to try man ;  
 For ye're the lad that wears the breeks,  
 And I'm the lass that looes ye ;  
 Deel rive my C——t in candle wicks,  
 Gin ever I refuse ye.



### PETRELLAS A\*\*\*e.

**P**etrella is lovely, she's charming and gay,  
 As ripe as the autumn, as buxom as May ;  
 I'll not sing of her lips, or her eyes, 'tis all farce,  
 My heart was quite free till I saw her white A—e.

*Sing white A—e, &c.*

When



When I spy'd the dear tuft that's between her white  
thighs,

It's charms like swift lightning straight flash'd in  
in my eyes ;

O what swelling and throbbing then stiffen'd my C—k,

But the gipsy soon spy'd me, and pull'd down  
her smock.

*Her smock, &c.*

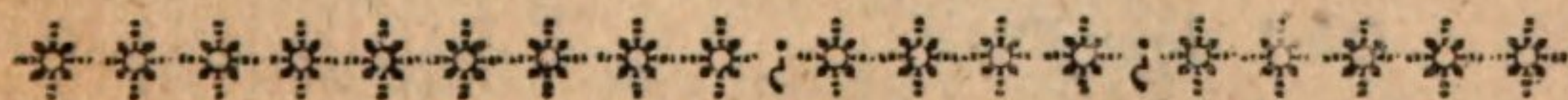
If such rapturous pleasures arise from bare sight,

What joys must he feel who possesses at night ;

Then dearest Petrella no longer be coy,

But instantly grant me the glorious joy.

*Glorious joy, &c.*



*The* H A Y - M O W.

**A**S Doll beneath a hay-mow slept,  
While mid-day sun discharg'd its rays ;  
Sly Dick observant softly crept,  
Resolv'd the nymph to seize.

He press'd her so tight,

That she wak'd in a fright :

*I'm*



I'm stiff'd ; why Richard I wont be us'd ill ;

I won't : Nay,

Rot you don't :

Pray tell me what's your will ?

I'm come, says Dick, to have some chat,

Then close to her his lips he squeez'd ;

I guess, says she, what you'd be at,

But now I wont be teas'd.

She rose up to be gone,

But he tumbl'd her down,

She cried out for help ; and thus begg'd of the  
clown.

Oh ! dear Dick,

Don't, forbear :

Pray tell me what's your will ?

Upon the new-made hay she fell,

Too weak Dick's fury to redress ;

What happen'd there I dare not tell,

But all are free to guess.

'Tis whisper'd she still kept

Crying out don't :

I'll call out my mother, depend Dick upon't.

I



I won't, I can't,  
Pray tell me what's your will ?

The chorus bird's sang o'er their heads ;  
The breezes quivering through the grove ;  
The hay smelt sweet, green look'd the meads,  
All nature sigh'd out love.

Dick offered to rise,  
But she languishing cries,  
As panting she lay with her love-swimming eyes,  
A moment Dick be still,  
Since now you've had your will.

Lord, says the girl, you hasty men,  
Of love afford but one poor proof ;  
Of fowls at home, each sparrow hen,  
Is ten times better off.

Tho' you've had your will,  
Yet there's mine to come still ;  
Dick knew what she meant, and rose up at the hint,  
Her wishes to fulfill.  
He let her have her will.

Tune



Tune, *Shawnbree*.

YE bucks far and near,  
To my sonnet give ear,  
And quit the dull trouble of thinking:  
A sage long ago,  
Said that nothing he knew,  
The poor soul was unstudy'd in drinking;  
Dull mumbling with Plato,  
Or grumbling with Cato,  
Dispassionate stoic's will make us;  
But the truly wise.  
Such pedants despise  
And attend on the lectures of Bacchus.

With full wig in fine coach,  
See the Doctors approach,  
And muscular mould up their faces;  
Grave—smile on their cane,  
Apply finger to vein  
And count the slow pulse by grimaces.

Their



Their fees first receive,  
 Their opinions then give ;  
 With potions and motions they quack us ;  
 Their prescriptions may drain,  
 But we'll fill up each vein  
 With the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

Ye Bucks, when you need  
 With the fair to succeed,  
 With bumpers begin your love trial ;  
 It emboldens the mind,  
 In the ladies you'll find  
 It drowns all the force of denial.  
 Drink, drink in your prime,  
 Toss a bumper to time,  
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us ;  
 Our decay we prevent,  
 And his wounds we cement  
 With the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

Nem. con. let us join  
 In the praise of good wine,

Whilst



Whilst misers 'midst millions are dying,  
 Whilst lovers are mourning  
 And ladies are scorning  
 We love and death both are defying.  
 Here's to the toast,  
 Lest our liquor be lost,  
 And death midst a bumper o'ertake us;  
 To be even with him,  
 Fill each glass to the brim,  
 And die in a bumper to Bacchus



Tune, *The Female Phaeton.*

**B**ET Weeys, of Weatherby's the pride,  
 By Bridewell yet untam'd,  
 Bespoke Nell Field close by her side,  
 With little rage inflam'd:  
 Inflam'd with rage and sad ill luck,  
 Which fortune had ordain'd,  
 That she could not get one poor f—k,  
 While other brimstones reign'd.

Must



Must Lucy Cooper bear the bell,  
And give herself such airs ;  
Must that damnation whore of hell,  
Be f—kt by knights and squires :  
Has she a better C—t then I,  
With nut brown hairs more thick,  
That all mankind for her must die,  
While I scarce get a P—k.

Come all ye Gods be kind to me,  
And grant one P—k in store ;  
I'll do my best to please them all,  
What can a girl do more ?  
Her prayers prevail, the Gods gave way,  
Betty at hearts desire,  
Obtains a P—k that very day,  
That set her C—t on fire.

“ Must dirty Peg that strols the town,  
With barrows full of greens ;  
Must she be day and night laid down,  
Whilst I waste out my teens ;

What



What has she with me to compare ?

Soft dugs, nor white, nor found :

I'm right, pure plump, well cloath'd with hair,

My bubbies hard and round.

Dear, dearest Will, now go with me,

Nor b'lieve me till you try ;

I'll give more joy than such as she,

Or Cupid's victim die.

Will, prompt'd by her, they both lay down,

And she with full desire,

Lispt out, my dear, I die ! I swoon !

Aud melted in love's Fire.



*The* D U R A L I N G.

**O**N E morning on the the Park-parade,  
 To view the troops, up step'd a maid ;  
 The Captain dress'd in scarlet pride,  
 March'd boldy on by the Soldier's side,  
 Fair maid, says he, I'm here, says she,  
 And ready for you and your company ;  
 I'll warrant I'll give you as good as you bring,  
 I you dare come near to my duraling.

The



The captain went, the lieutenant came,  
And with his pike salutes the dame ;  
He boldly advanced with sword in hand,  
And bid her obey the word of command;  
To the right, says he, to the left, says she,  
To the right and left open, my dear, says he :  
I warrant I'll give you as good as you bring,  
If you dare to engage with my duraling.

The engineer resolv'd to o'ercome,  
With two large shells fixed to a bomb ;  
The siege he began, and the match did lay,  
And soon he gain'd the cover'd way,  
He batter'd the town, but he miss'd his reach,  
His faggot too small was to fill up the breach,  
So she off with disdain did the engineer fling,  
And bid him begone from her duraling.

Then the chaplain came as a chaplain should ;  
With thee plattoons, kneel'd, stoop'd, and stood ;  
He fill'd up her C—t with a faggot of length,  
And ram'd it in with his y—d of strength :  
Guide it in, says he, Oh ! there, says she,  
Doctor, you preach true divinity ;—

H

When



When next you handle your text flap in,  
And your pulpit make of my duraling.



*The* M A G I C R I N G.

*Tune, Duralling.*

**Y**OU oft of your dumb glutton sing,  
And pleasing, pouting duraling ;  
So many names you have to boast,  
Which you consign to fav'rite toasts ;  
Hear me relate of this your theme,  
Whence flows the fair salt-water stream,  
For many appellations spring  
From our enchanted magic ring.

Of all degrees, of every age,  
From twenty to decrepid sage,  
They all admire the joys we give,  
Without it wou'd be pain to live :  
But such delights from us accrue,  
As makes enraptur'd doodle doo ;  
Such we dispense your clown and king,  
From our enchanting magic ring.

The

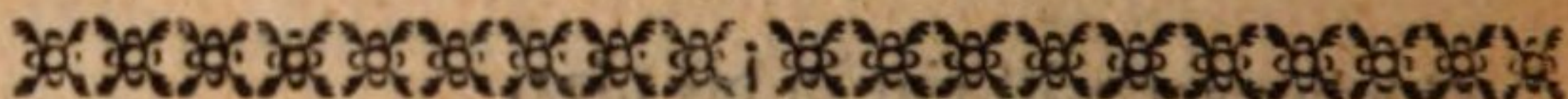


The lawyer will put in his plea,  
And freely parts with client's fee :  
And likewise too, religion's jest,  
The plump, o'ergrown, fat, brawny priest,  
Will spread the leaves and quickly preach,  
The doctrine that he loves to teach ;  
The clerk amen, will gladly sing,  
To our enchanting magic ring.

If we but touch the iv'ry wand,  
We quickly make the feeble stand ;  
From death to life we raise him strait;  
And with fresh fire invigorate :  
We have command o'er all the town,  
And when we please pull towers down ;  
While round the world loud fame does ring,  
Of our enchanting magic ring.

*The*





*The* LINK-BOY.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS bawling filbert Nan with roguish eye,  
 Along the street her cracking ware did cry,  
 Two chairmen, who a diff'rent nation boast,  
 The Cambrian mountains, and Hibernia's coast,  
 Made for the fair, of Herculean form,  
 Long time had strove the frozen lads to warm ;  
 Soon as the dear-lov'd object they descry'd,  
 They left their chair, to gain her once more try'd,  
 First Dermot silence broke, in words like these ;  
 He hop'd in vain the *nut-brown* maid to please.

A I R.

*( St Patrick's day in the morning. )*

Arrah, my honey, my dear, and my jewel,  
 I love you far better than nothing at all ;  
 If you resolve to remain always cruel,  
 By Jesus, I'm sure it will cost me a fall.

Then



Then take me, my sweet one, into your good graces,  
 Be after consenting, I'll call you my wife ;  
 I'll make you a lady to wear silk and laces,  
 And ride in a chair all the days of your life.

*Arrah my honey, &c.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

His partner who had hitherto stood mute,  
 Next boldly ventur'd to prefer his suit ;  
 With visage pale as butter-milk and whey,  
 In mournful ditty thus was heard to say.

A I R.

*(Of noble race was Shenkin, &c.)*

Tear Nanny, lof'ly creature,  
 All other maids exceeding,  
 Thro' Cupid's snare, and sad despair,  
 See how hur heart is pleading.

In kindness shew some pity,  
 On poor unton Llhewellen ;  
 Or else hur fears, her sighs and tears,  
 Will pring hur to teth's twelling.

With



## R E C I T A T I V E.

With tofs'd up nose, and hands on both her sides,  
 She flights their offers, and their pains derides :  
 Proud of those charms for which the lover dies,  
 She snaps her fingers, and exulting cries,

A I R,

*( From the man that I love, &c. )*

From such lubbers as you my heart I'll defend,  
 To leeks and potatoes I'll ne'er condescend ;  
 Then plague me no longer, for glim padding Jack,  
 Is the lad I adore, and my filbert shall crack.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Scarce had she spoke, when lo ! a youth appear'd,  
 Who Bridewell, Pump, and Tyburn never fear'd.  
 At play-house door, in Covent-Garden porch,  
 When night draws on, he plies with flaming torch.  
 Like Hymen then, it justly may be said,  
 He often lights fond couples home to bed.  
 He gazes, frowns, his looks his mind betray,  
 Then seiz'd her hand and bore the nymph away.

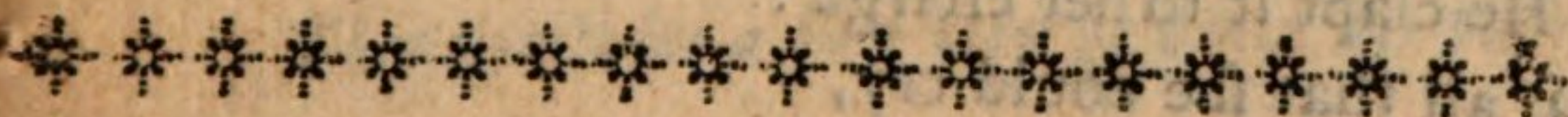
A I R.



A I R.

( *Colinet.* )

On yon bulk behold 'em laid,  
 Gentle Morpheus ! lend thy aid.  
 Keep the watch from coming there,  
 To disturb the happy pair ;  
 Stealing pleasures while they can,  
 Who so blest as Jack and Nan ?



**O**NE night as I lay musing,  
 I heard a woman call ;  
 I stept out of bed and laid my head,  
 So close against the wall : —  
 I had not listen'd long,  
 Before I heard her cry,  
 O lord ! God 'fcurse ye !  
 Out upon you, fie.

I peeped thro' the crievice,  
 Where there I did espy,  
 In the next room, adjoining too,  
 A charming creature lie — When



With her enamour'd swain,

O push 'tin ! she did cry,

O lord ! God 'scurse ye !

Out upon you, fie.

He r—zl—d her, he t—zl—d her,

He laid her legs at large,

And when that she had made it stand,

He clapt it to her charge :

But all that she could cry,

Was, lord—oh ! I shall die,

Die ! die !

Out upon you, fie.

Fie upon you, Roger !

O ! what a t—z—r's there !

Little does my mother think,

That you have got so near :—

But I will call my mother,

As loud as can cry,

Mother ! mother ! one inch further, and you'll win  
my heart for ever !

Out upon you, fie.

Tune,



Tune, *Ally Croaker.*

WITH the fierce flames of love I'm in a sad  
taking,

I'm sing'd like a hog that's hung up for bacon ;  
My stomach is scorch'd like an o'er done mutton  
chop,

That of gravy won't afford me one single drop.

*O love, love, love's like a looseness,*

*That won't let a poor man go about his business.*

My great guts and little guts are burnt to a cinder,  
As a burning-glass burns a dish-clout to tinder ;  
As cheese by a hot salamander is toasted,  
By her beauty, that's red hot, like cheese I'm roasted.

*O love, &c.*

Attend all ye lovers, who after ladies dandle,  
I'm grill'd like a duck's foot that's sing'd by a  
candle ;

By this, that, and t'other, I'm treated uncivil,  
Like a gizzard I'm pepper'd, and then made a devil.

*O love, &c.*

*The*



EARLY in the dawn, 'twas on a winter's morn,  
 Brother Dick and I went running to the barn,  
 To get ourselves a heat, by threshing of the wheat,  
 From the stack, the stack, the stack.

The corn it flew about, and our flails they made a  
 rout,

With a thwack, thwack, thwack, a thwack.

Margery came in with an earthen pot,  
 Fill'd with a pudding that was piping hot ;  
 I took her round the neck fast, and thank'd her for  
 my breakfast,

With a smack, a smack, a smack.

Up went her tail, and down went my flail,  
 With a thwack, &c.

Dick kept thrashing on, crying, zounds, fie for  
 shame,

Mun I beat the bush, while you catch the game ;  
 Go sow your wild oats, and mind not her vile notes,  
 With her lack, a lack, a lack.

But faith I did the job, while his flail it bore a  
 bob,

With a thwack, &c.

Mar-

V V

A A

V V



Margery got up, and swore she did nothing ail,  
 And said there was no fence against a flail;  
 Then down again laid still, and bid me fill, fill  
 Her sack, her sack, her sack.  
 But faith 'twas all in vain,  
 Poor I had spilt my grain,  
 With a thwack, &c.



## J U P I T E R and I O.

**Y**E maidens fair, I pray draw near,  
 A comical story I'll tell you now,  
 How Inicus lost his daughter dear;  
 Poor girl she was chang'd into a cow.  
*Tall, lall, lall, &c.*

Her father was one of the river Gods,  
 The waters of Severn he only look'd a'ter;  
 But it had been better for him by odds,  
 For once to have watch'd his own daughter's  
 water.  
*Tall lall, &c.*

Her



Her mother was one of the Nymphs of the river,  
The Clerk of the Parish his books they do tell;  
But the best commendation they could give her,  
Was that she made water passing well.

*Tall, lall, &c.*

For which one day when Jupiter found her,  
That whoreson dog, much giv'n to vice;  
He laid her down as flat as a flounder,  
And whipt up her maiden-head in a trice.

*Tall, lall, &c.*

Then how to conceal it from Juno his wife,  
As arrant a brim as ever was born,  
What did he do for a quiet life,  
But poor Io into a cow did transform.

*Tall, lall, &c.*

Not only her shape, but also her palate,  
Was strangely chang'd she could not tell how,  
For nought wou'd go down with her like a sallad,  
For she cou'd eat grafs as well as a cow.

*Tall, Tall, &c.*

Alas



Alas, poor virgin! and worse beguil'd,  
Was never maiden sure, by half;  
O' my conscience, instead of getting a child,  
The rascally dog he has got her a calf.

*Tall, lall, &c.*

Now let me advise you maidens fair,  
Whether in city, in country, or court,  
That of this ye take an especial care,  
That ye be not cowed at the sport.

*Tall, lall, &c.*

And all you married women will,  
Of this my counsel well allow,  
Rather to make of the husband a bull,  
Than suffer the husband to make you a cow.

*Tall, lall, &c.*



*The* R O L L I N G P I N.

**A** Popish old dame to her handmaid thus cry'd,  
Now Christmas is coming, wench, we must  
provide; Then



Then early to-morrow I'd have you begin,  
To work very hard with the new rolling-pin.

This buxom young damsel, as fame does report,  
Tho' seemingly virtuous, was fond of the sport;  
And at puddings and pies the prize she did win,  
So dextrous was Doll at the new rolling-pin.

Father Letcher, a Monk of the Franciscan class,  
Who lov'd carnal worship much better than Mass,  
With true Gallic freedom, unbidden came in,  
To eat up the fruit of the new rolling-pin.

To the kitchen then hied this sanctified sinner,  
Where Doll was preparing a pasty for dinner;  
And eyeing her o'er, child (says he with a grin)  
I see you can handle a good rolling-pin.

Then down on the dresser young Dolly he laid,  
And having with rapture love's altar survey'd,  
The flesh and the Devil prevail'd o'er the sin;  
He kneaded her dough with his own rolling-pin.

'Twas



**T** WAS in the Land of Cyder;  
 At a place called Brampton Bryon,  
 Such a prank was play'd,  
 'Twixt a man and a maid,  
 That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For gentle John and Susan,  
 Were oft at recreation;  
 To tell the truth,  
 This vig'rous youth,  
 Caus'd a dreadful conflagration.

Both morning, noon, and night, Sir,  
 Brisk John was at her crupper,  
 He got in her geers,  
 Five times before pray'rs,  
 And six times after supper.

John being well provided,  
 So closely did solace her,  
 That Susan's waist,  
 So slackly lac'd,  
 Shew'd signs of babe of grace.



But when the Knight perceived,  
That Susan had been sinning,  
And that his las,;  
For want of grace,  
Lov'd kissing more than spinning:

To cleanse the house from scandal,  
And filthy fornication ;  
Of all such crimes,  
To shew the times,  
His utter detestation :

He took the bed and bolster,  
Nay, blankets, sheet, and pillows,  
With Johnny's frock,  
And Susan's smock,  
And burnt them in the kiln-house.

And ev'ry vile utensil,  
On which they had been wicked,  
As chairs, joint-stools,  
Old trunks, close-stools,  
And eke the three legg'd cricket.

But



But had each thing defiled,  
Been burnt at Bramton Bryon,  
The world must grant,  
The Knight would want  
Himself a bed to lie on.

THE man that loves f——g is void of all care,  
He ne'er fears a pox, but always f—ks fair;  
On the sweet blooming cheeks of his lads he depends,  
Nor ever with cundums his p—k he defends.

*Fall lall, &c.*

I'll tell you Jove's method to pick up a wh—re,  
When he found that Miss Danae had shut her trap-  
door,

He got to the house-top, and f—g—d through the  
thatch,

At the sight of his nature she open'd the latch.

*Fall lall, &c.*

That Bacchus lov'd women as well as good wine,  
His f——g of Ceres was a very good sign ;  
He lov'd a large vessel, and thus he was wont,  
Whene'er he was dry, to drink out of her C—t.

*Fall lall, &c.*

I

Mars



Mars cuckolded Vulcan, the authors make known,  
 So that fighting was not his ambition alone;  
 As his foes ever fled, so his P—k ever stood,  
 And he f—d as he fought to his knees up in blood.

*Fall lall, &c.*

As Amphitrite washed her C—t in the sea,  
 She spy'd Neptune's b——ks as floating they lay,  
 She begg'd for a f—k, to which he agreed;  
 So he enlarg'd her empire with an ocean of f—d.

*Fall lall, &c.*

Oh! grant me great Jove, but a C—t to my mind,  
 Not too high in the belly, nor too far behind,  
 But just in the centre, oh! place the dear nick,  
 Not too near the a—e lest I nasty my p—k.

*Fall lall, &c.*

Oh! grant me, great Jove, not a C—t that is small,  
 But just so contriv'd to take b——ks and all;  
 Those strait c—t—d bitches all pleasure destroy,  
 He that's confin'd in a c—t, is confin'd in his joy.

*Fall lall, &c.*

The world is a bawdy house, C—t is a store,  
 And into it I came to pick up a whore;  
 A cl—p is the reck'ning I freely will pay,  
 So while we can spend let us all f—k away.

*Fall lall, &c.*



J O H N *and* S U S A N.

**T**H E sun was in the firmament,  
the herds were out a grazing ;  
The chearful birds were soar'd aloft,  
Their tuneful voices raising.

When gammar to her daughter said,  
Why Sukey child come hither ;  
You must to the market go,  
And John shall guide you thither.

John from out the barn was call'd,  
Sifting wheat with Marg'et,  
To saddle Dobbin instantly,  
And ride away to market.

Up they got, away they rode,  
About three miles together,  
When turning round, says John to Sue,  
Methinks 'tis charming weather.

'Twas in a long green pleasant lane,  
And ne'er a house a near them ;  
Nor man or woman was there by,  
To see or overhear them.

When



When Sukey squinting o'er a hedge,  
Just by a barley-mow, fir,  
She saw a bull with vigour full,  
Leaping of a cow, fir,

With falt'ring voice, she whisper'd John,  
Says she, what is't they're doing ;  
Whilst Johnny snigg'ring to himself,  
He told her they were wooing.  
Her snowy arms around his waist,  
She close and closer squeez'd him,  
Whilst John's odd face, and sly grimace,  
Confest 'twas woundy pleasing.

The maid was handsome, kind and young,  
By nature made for sporting ;  
Then had John but known her mind,  
She needed not much courting.  
Her twinkling eyes and heaving breast,  
Confest that since her weaning,  
She ne'er before was so all o'er,  
Yet hardly knew the meaning.

The maiden wrigg'l'd too and fro,  
Whilst John with shame and wonder,

Felt



Felt something in his breeches grow,  
That he could scarce keep under.  
The leathern flap, and all to that,  
The L——d have mercy on us ;  
That stronger grew, the buttons flew,  
And out came John's man Thomas.

Lord John, says she, how can the bull  
Tell when the cow's inclin'd for't ;  
Or are they only sometimes so,  
Or always have a mind for't.  
John all this time a fumbling kept,  
To get it in again, fir.  
It was too long, too stiff and strong,  
His labour was in vain, fir.

John's silly look confess'd his shame,  
At such a plight to be in ;  
With flap of coat held all on side,  
He kept the maid from seeing.  
Then blushing said, the cow she stinks,  
When e'er she has occasion :  
The bull full well can tell her smell,  
To know her inclination.



O lud, said she, and is it so,  
The bull always get at her ;  
I find myself I can't tell how :  
Good God what is the matter !  
But are you sure that you are right,  
I prithee Johnny tell me ;  
What do you think ? I'm sure I stink,  
Do try if you can smell me.

By this time passion grew so strong,  
All modest doubts were vanish'd,  
Down he laid the charming maid,  
And ev'ry fear was banish'd.  
He view'd her charming legs and thighs,  
And tickl'd her little belly ;  
And something did, that I'm forbid,  
By modesty to tell you.

A while they sat to kifs and toy,  
And thought it mighty clever ;  
Poor Sukey soon began to stink,  
As bad or worse than ever.  
John could not smell her quite so well,  
As he had done before, sir ;

But



But took the hint, just as she meant,  
And popt it in once more, fir.

O lud you hurt me now, says she,  
He shov'd in by degrees, fir,  
She vow'd and swore, she ne'er before  
Felt any thing so pleasing.

Stop, John, there's something coming now,  
So sweet unto my thinking.  
If this is the cure the cows endure,  
They always should be stinking.



**N**OW Europe enjoys a repose from her wars,  
And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless of  
scars.

Lads, list under love, and your lessons I'll teach,  
To the breast-work advance, and then batter in  
breach.

*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

'Tis Venus commands, for engagement prepare,  
In Cupid's campaigns, our foes are all fair ;  
As fair let us fight and make proper seizure,  
Here's a health to our ensign the standard of plea-  
sure.

*Derry down, &c.*



The wish of the sportsman shall first be recounted,  
 Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted :  
 The lover in this toast has likewise a share,  
 For he, huntsman-like, is for seizing the hare.

*Derry down, &c.*

Ye sportsmen whose stomachs for feeding are fit,  
 Call the cook, here, we'll give him four hams on  
 one spit :

And lest you should think yourselves not fully fitted,  
 Here's the meat which best basts itself when it's best  
 spitted.

*Derry down, &c.*

Come, my lads to your lips the brimming glass lift,  
 May we never want courage when put to a shift ;  
 And that we may seldom of happiness miss,  
 May we kiss where we please, and still please where  
 we kiss.

*Derry down, &c.*

Come, my lads, once more let your glasses be  
 seiz'd,  
 Here's the eye that weeps most when it's best pleas'd ;  
 And still to go on with my favourite theme,  
 Here's to a' dying virginity's unction extream.

*Derry down, &c.*

May



May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive,  
And carefully save what we bountiful give;  
And when keeping time to depart we are ready;  
May our dying be happy, revival be speedy.

*Derry down, &c.*

One health, my brave boys, with your leave, I must  
teach,  
In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach;  
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best friend,  
And the bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.

*Derry down, &c.*

Let us now toast some female; the first my muse  
greet,  
Is the book-binder's wife who well stitches in sheets,  
Next the brown female reaper who the sheaves so  
well hands in,

So well does her work--not a handful leaves standing

*Derry down, &c.*

Here's the miller's wife's music worth all other  
tones;  
When the sluice is set open, and strong grind the  
stones:  
Call

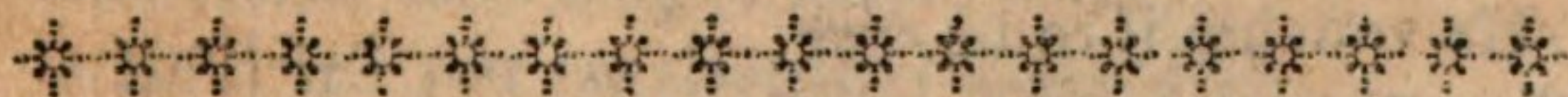






Now a truce to our toast, but one more I wil<sup>d</sup>  
 name,  
 Since we've enter'd the list to protect the black  
 game ;  
 Here's the centry that stands at the cock pit com-  
 manding,  
 And the sentinel at midnight, uncover'd well stand-  
 ing. *Derry down, &c.*

Remember lads, life's but a summer's short day,  
 Then while our youth shines, let us joyful make  
 hay ;  
 Joy is all we live for, let's equally share it,  
 Here's the harvest of life, love, wit, and good claret.  
*Derry down, &c.*



*To the Tune of an Old Woman cloathed in Grey.*

**R**ELIGION's a politic law,  
 Devis'd by the prigs of the schools,  
 To keep the dull rabble in awe  
 And amuse poor ignorant fools :

And



And therefore in ev'ry parish  
Is a pimp that's call'd a parson,  
Equipt with a band and a gown  
And a cushion to set his fat a—e on.

And he for good victuals and bud,  
Will cant out his nonsense aloud,  
He'll tell you a tale of a tub  
To mislead th' illiterate croud ;  
And when that his text he has taken,  
T' unriddle some mystical writings ;  
He'll prove beans and pease to be bacon,  
And slippery eels to be whittings.

The apple tho' it was a fib,  
He vouches it to be true,  
That Eve was made out of a rib,  
Pray, gentlemen, what think you ?  
That Cain in the land of Nod,  
When the blockhead lay all alone ;  
Like owl in an ivy tod,  
Built a city as large as Rome.

That



That a quarrelsome son of a whore,  
Slew a thousand men with a jaw bone ;  
And then to vex them the more,  
Ran away with the gates of the town :  
That foxes were ty'd by the tails,  
That Sampson's strength lay in his hair,  
That windmills went without sails,  
That castles were built in the air.

But these are all whimsical frolics,  
For it lay no more in that,  
Than it did in his P—k or his B——ks,  
Or the hair of Dalilah's Quat ;  
But he for reward will cant,  
And turn up the white of his eyes ;  
And rather than Dagon should want,  
He'll tell you ten thousand damn'd lies.

Dan Solomon nicknam'd the wise,  
Built a temple none like it before him,  
Yet he found 'twixt his concubine's thighs,  
The best way to his sanctum sanctorum :  
That David a man of god's heart,  
Who had great Goliah o'ercome ;

Caus'd



Caus'd Uriah to be slain with a dart,  
When he saw pretty Bathsheba's bum.

Let Huddlestone fumble his beads,  
Or ogle a buttock at mafs ;  
Let Stillingfleet prove what he reads,  
Or else he may kiss my A—e :  
I'm not to be fright'd at all

Or out of my reason driven ;  
For as well as St Peter and Paul,  
Good F—k—rs will all go to heav'n,

I laugh at the Pope's device,  
Bulls, pardons, and militant plight ;  
Myrrh, incense, and nonsense, and spice  
Are all mere shittle-come-shite :

I pity the flogging old shaver,  
Who thinks he can miracles show,  
To make flesh and blood of a wafer  
The baker has just made of dough.

If a friar should b—gg—r a nun,  
Tho' half starv'd, louzy and lean ;  
A Bishop, as sure as a gun,  
May ram the hard a—e of a dean :

Then



Then let us agree and be merry,  
Good C—s and good liquor adore ;  
And ne'er be such fools as to quarrel,  
'Bout Luther's or Babylon's whore.

The Dutchess of \* \* \* \* \* 's dead,  
She lately made her will,  
Her body she left to be buried,  
Her soul to the Devil in Hell :  
Her heart she left to the Pope,  
Her guts to his Majesty's Bears,  
Her a—e to the parliament,  
And her C—t to the granadiers.

A sandy C——t's for the cholic,  
A hairy C——t's for the spleen,  
And any C——t's good for a frolic  
Altho' it be ne'er so mean :  
A powder'd C——t's good for a beau,  
A lawyer will f——k with a scrub,  
A soldier will b—gg—r a fow,  
And a parson will f——g in a tub.



*The Blue Bells of Ireland.*

NEWS, maids, news, brave news I have to tell,  
Here's a waggon-load of thund'ring p—ks  
just come to town to sell ;

And all you that are for f—g maids, by G—d I'll  
use you well.

*Chorus, While the blue Bells of, &c.*

The first was a footman, with his message an a  
card,  
Saying, here's my lady's compliments, and that she  
wants a yard,  
But as her C—t is tender, Sir, she begs it not too  
hard.

*Chorus, &c.*

The next was a chamber-maid, with black and  
rolling eyes,  
And pull'd out a rolling-pin that was between her  
thighs ;  
Saying, Sir, my Lady wants a P——k, and this is  
Madam's fize.

*Chorus, &c.*

The



The next was a gardener's wife, cloathed all in  
green.

And in buying of a dozen P——ks, she stole away  
fifteen,

And she ramm'd them all into her C—t that they  
might not be seen.

Chorus, &c.

The next was a fine lady, as we may all suppose,  
She chose a very fine P—k, but push'd it from her  
nose,

Saying, get out you nasty stinking dog, laud, who'd  
buy such P—ks as those.

Chorus, &c.

The next was a fishwoman, who at Billingsgate  
did dwell,

She bought the very same P—k, and d——d the  
squeamish bitch to hell.

For in f——g, Madam, blast your eyes, who ever  
minds the smell.

Chorus, &c.



The next was Filth, the herdsman's wife, cloath-  
ed all in red ;

And she would have a soft p—k that had fed on  
milk and bread,

For her husband he f—k'd her so much, his grew  
d——n red.

Chorus, &c.

The next was an old woman, almost deaf and  
dumb,

Tho' she could hardly hear or speak, she beckon'd  
with her thumb,

And she clap'd her hand upon her C—t to shew she  
wanted some.

Chorus, &c.

The next was the Parson's wife came begging on  
her knees,

That she might have a little P—k to give her C—t  
some ease ;

For when the Parson went to prayers, his hung be-  
low his knees.

Chorus, &c.

The



The next was a sailor's wife, and she came from  
*Blackwall,*

She swore she'd buy the waggon-load, nay waggoner  
and all,

To ease the itching of her C—t whilst Jack was at  
*Bengall.*

Chorus, &c.

The next was the boatswain's wife, with her  
chain and call,

And viewing of this store of P—ks that lay upon  
the stall,

She swore good Lord, G—d d—n her b——d by  
G—d she'd have them all,

Chorus, &c.

The next was a little girl, with almost broken  
heart,

Crying, pray Sir, are all these fine P—ks gone, and  
I had not my part,

Oh ! pray Sir, dear Sir, let me rub my C—t against  
your cart.

Chorus, &c.



The last was a strapping girl, with almost broken heart,  
 Finding all these fine P—ks were gone, and she had not her part,  
 She seiz'd the shaft, and f—g—d herself, and spent all in the Cart.

## C H O R U S.

*While the Blue Bells of Ireland go well boys well,  
 and the clappers strike on e'ery side, bang her arse well.  
 Bang her arse well.*

===== ? =====

## The Jolly Old Parson.

**T**HERE was a Jolly Old Parson,  
 He liv'd at a place call'd Sarden ;  
 This Parson he lov'd a pretty young girl,  
 But he hated dice and carding.  
*Fol lol, &c.*

He courted many a Lady,  
 And at the same was lucky,  
 And all the compliment that he had,  
 Was d——n you Madam I must f—k you.  
*Fol lol, &c.*

He



He courted Oyſter *Nelly*,

With a C—t as black as charcoal ;

He f—d her ſo quick, that he burnt his P—k,

For the Bitch carried fire in her arſe hole.

*Fol lol, &c.*

This old man he ſat in a corner,

His breath ſmelt like an onion ;

His b—ll—ks were of braſs, and he flung them  
at her arſe,

And he ſpent in her C—t like an engine.

*Fol lol, &c.*

His P——k it was twelve inches,

Good ſtiff and ſtanding measure ;

He f——d her twelve times in the night,

And the thirteenth he turn'd her liver.

*Fol, lol, &c.*

Here's a health to the jolly old parſon,

We'll drink it while we are mellow,

And he that can the parſon out f——k

Is a damnable f——g fellow,

*Fol, lol, &c.*

*What*



*What beauteous Scenes, &c. burlesqu'd.*

**W**HAT various C—ts my P—k delight,  
How close the lips do join ;  
And round my P—k's supporting height,  
Their pifs burnt ringlets twine :  
That C—t's no more a barren shade,  
But with my B——x crown'd,  
Each vital spring so nimbly play'd,  
In transports P—k was drown'd.

Let P—k fair Cælia move thy heart,  
All F——g joys to prove ;  
Yet mark what pox and clap impart,  
By thoughtless F——g love :  
Stretch wide thy C—t with joy to hear,  
That P—k does love 'its charms ;  
The youthful rake F—ks all the year,  
And keeps thy C—t from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,  
My love remains the same ;  
On me alone thy C—t bestow,  
And crown P—k's constant flame.



So shall no claps untimely power,  
 Deform C—t's blooming spring ;  
 So shall thy C—t from pox secure,  
 'Its yearly tributes bring.



*At Setting Day and Rising Morn, &c. Burlesqu'd.*

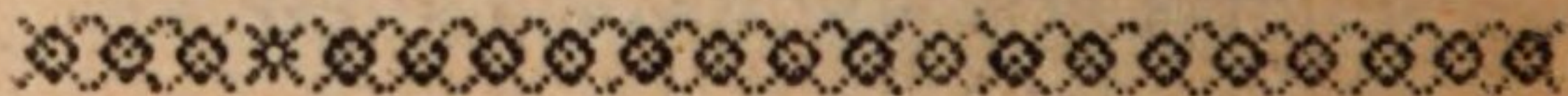
**A**T setting day and rising morn,  
 My C—t for P—k does languish,  
 I'll ask of Cupid, P—'s return,  
 To ease me of my anguish :  
 I'll oft repair to yonder shade,  
 Our well-known place for courting ;  
 Where P—k and C—t have fondly play'd,  
 While bleating flocks were sporting.

I'll oft repair to yonder green,  
 And think on those dear hours,  
 That we have f—k'd, by no one seen,  
 On yonder bank of flowers :

**There**



There Damon kifs'd my lips and eyes,  
 And did each passion move ;  
 I prefs'd him close betwixt my thighs,  
 And spent in streams of love.



D I C K *and* N E L L.

COLD and peevish is the weather,  
 I hope this night we'll catch no harm,  
 Quoth Dick to Nell we'll lig together,  
 And try to keep each other warm :  
 " O ! then we'll roll in soft delight ;  
 " I'll turn to my love, and kifs her too,  
 " We'll huddle, cuddle, all the night,  
 " As father's and mother's are wont to do ;  
 " With a flim flam, I will come to my love,  
 " Linkie, lankie, there : O ! there ;  
 " I'll twink her, twank her, fall, lall, lall, de  
     rall !  
 " Ha ! ha ! ha ! I'll love her dear.

Quoth



Quoth Nell to Dick, I'll lig with no man,  
For I've often heard it said ;  
That men have things to poison women,  
And to be poison'd I'm afraid.  
“ Or else you might roll, &c. &c.

Many persuasions Dick made use of,  
But alas ! 'twas all in vain ;  
Unless that he'd consent to be married,  
Not one poor f——k cou'd Dick obtain.  
“ Or else he might roll, &c. &c.

The very next morning they were married,  
And to be poison'd she's not afraid ;  
So Dick and Nell they ligg'd together,  
And Dick he got her maidenhead :  
“ O then they roll'd in soft delight,  
“ He turn'd to his love and kifs'd her too ;  
“ They huddled, cuddled, all the night,  
“ As father's and mother's are wont to  
“ With a flim flam, flap he went to his love,  
“ Linkie, lankie, there : O ! there ;  
“ He twink'd her, twank'd her, fall, lall, lall, de rall,  
“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! he lov'd her dear. *A*



## A SONG.

**N**OW since that you ask me to sing,  
It shall be a new and merry thing;  
A voucher to the truth I'm bring,  
If that you'll not dispute.

By me there lives a servant man,  
That f—k's his fellow servant Nan,  
And always does the best he can,  
When e'er he does come to't.

Now it happen'd on a certain day,  
This man and maid must needs go play,  
For John had found out a new way,  
'Twas what she little dreamt on.

He beckon'd her; up stairs they went,  
Full well she knew fond John's intent  
To f—k; she knew was what he meant,  
Her mind was fully bent on't.

Now I'd have it understood,  
That Nan took salts to purge her blood,  
To make her juices clear and good:

The



The girl's to be commended.  
But curst ill fortune stept between,  
Which quite confounds the charming scene,  
You may all wonder what I mean,  
Poor girl did not intend it.

Now this new scene they began to play,  
Her legs o'er fond John's shoulder's lay,  
His p—n—e then was fit to pay  
Poor Nancy's hungry fl—t.  
She like a butt of humming beer,  
No sooner broacht, but you shall hear,  
Just as he enter'd in her ware,  
She smother'd him with sh—t.

O curse confound your nasty breech,  
You nasty, stinking poison'd bitch;  
By Jove, no more I will you stitch,  
So he tipt her a—se a fagging :  
O pray John hear your kneeling lass,  
Before such things should come to pass,  
I'll stick a cork into my a—e,  
If you'll continue sh—g—g.



*The* COACHMAN.

A Lusty young coachman his horses was whipping,

*With a smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack,  
geup, geho ;*

When to him a smiling young damsel came tripping,  
And ask'd if to petticoat-lane he would go?

*With a smack, &c.*

As he held the coach door, her breast thrill'd with  
desire ;

She thought him far better than any spruce beau ;  
Then bid him come in, and sit freely down by her,  
And what 'twas she wanted so much, let him  
know.

*With a smack, &c.*

Quite charm'd with his fare, on her box he leap'd  
boldly ;

For who in his senses would then have said no ?  
But as he was driving, the damsel cry'd boldly,  
“ Pray coachman whip harder, and don't drive  
so slow.”

*With a smack, &c.*

Asham'd



Asham'd to be foil'd, when he found her so cunning,  
More strength and more skill he resolv'd then to  
show ;

But tho' he drove faster, so swift she kept running,  
His carriage he fear'd she would soon overthrow.

*With a smack, &c.*

Oh ! hold, he cry'd out, I'll drive you no longer,  
My reins you have damag'd, and whip broke also ;  
Then find out some other, more knowing and  
stronger ;

“ The devil may drive you, by G—, ma'am for  
Joe.”

*With a smack, &c.*

The youth then got off,—quoth the lass full of sor-  
row,

While into his hat a crown piece she did throw,

“ Young man, at your stand if I find you to-morrow,

“ To petticoat-lane once more you shall go.”

*With a smack. &c.*



*The* DISPUTE.

FOUR lovely lasses gay and bright,  
 Sat snug within a grove,  
 All thought themselves secure from sight,  
 And freely talk'd of love.

Whilst I in covert of the shade,  
 In silent pleasure hid,  
 Could hear each word the fair ones said,  
 And see what e'er they did.

The partial girls with witty pride,  
 A warm dispute began;  
 Contesting which was best supply'd,  
 With that which pleases man.

But in this great and nice affair,  
 Mere words were not enough;  
 And each by ornamental hair,  
 Would bring it to a proof.



Maria, precious black ey'd maid !

Pull'd up her coats and shift ;  
And with exulting pride display'd  
Dame nature's bounteous gifts.

Her lovely all alluring tuff  
Was black, and near as big  
As any northern monarch's muff,  
Or Baron Oakham's wig.

This, this, said she, shall be your queen,  
For I can justly boast ;  
'Tis this alone the men do mean,  
When to the best they toast.

Fair Chloe smil'd, and thus she spoke,  
I'll not to Polly yield ;  
Then up she drew her lilly smock,  
And all her charms reveal'd.

To tell the beauties of the place,  
How weak is human tongue ;  
The noble fringes which it grac'd,  
In golden ringlets hung.

Eliza



Eliza next disclos'd her parts,  
And shew'd her circling hair,  
The vanquisher of mortal hearts.  
Gods ! what a sight was there.

The luscious curling nut-brown geer,  
Which grew on belly high,  
Did like a sumptuous arch appear,  
And reach'd from thigh to thigh.

See here, my girls, Eliza cry'd,  
And shall it e'er be spoke,  
That Bess has been as yet outvy'd,  
By black or yellow joke.

'Tis this can make the hero droop,  
And tame the bravest fellow ;  
And therefore know I scorn to stoop,  
To fable or to fallow.

Now ev'ry charming, tempting she,  
Who had already shewn,  
With curious eye survey'd the three,  
And boasted of her own.

While



While pretty Kitty pensive sat,  
 'Twixt envy and despair,  
 So young, dame nature had not yet  
 Been lib'ral to the fair.

The little nymph unveil'd the place,  
 Her secret for to show ;  
 But all was smooth as Kitty's face,  
 And white as mountain snow.

Each mocking dame the girl did twit.  
 And each her own extoll'd ;  
 And with exulting ill-tim'd wit ;  
 Cry'd, Kitty, art thou bald ?

Kate bow'd her head as low as th—h,  
 Regardless of their jeers ;  
 She gaz'd a while with earnest eye,  
 And cry'd, Indeed I've hairs.

See, Polly, Chloe, Betty, see,  
 They may be plainly 'spy'd,  
 If you'll but just be rul'd by me,  
 And cast a glance aside.

L

Al-



Although no furr as yet did spring,  
On that which Kitty wore;  
I thought the little pouting thing,  
The sweetest of the four.

I through the hedge would fain have been,  
My case was here as bad,  
As Tantalus up to the chin,  
With apples o'er his head.

For had I thro' the briars gone,  
I knew not what to say;  
So took my fill of looking on,  
And flily sneak'd away.



T O M *and* D O L L Y.

W H E N the cows had given a pailful,  
And the ewes came bleating home,  
Dolly thinking 'twould be healthful,  
Went a-walking with young Tom ;

• Hand



Hand in hand, Sir, o'er the land, Sir,  
As they walked to and fro,  
Tom made jolly love to Dolly,  
But he answer'd, *No, no, no, no Tom, no Tom, no  
Tom, no.*

Now it is the time befitting,  
We can never get the like ;  
You can never leave off knitting,  
Whilst I'm digging in the dike :  
Now we're gone too and alone too,  
No one here to see or know ;  
Come, come, Dolly, shall I ? shall I ?  
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no Tom, no Tom, no  
Tom, no.*

Fy upon the men, said Dolly,  
Into what snares you'd make us fall  
You'll have nothing but the folly,  
I shall have the devil and all :  
Tom with fobbs and some fly nods,  
Cry'd, foolish girl, why argue so,  
Come, com', Dolly, shall I ? shall I ?  
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no Tom, no Tom, no  
Tom, no.*



To a tavern straight he took her,  
Wine's to love a friend confest ;  
By the hand he often shook her,  
And drank rummers of the best :  
Doll grew warm, and thought no harm,  
Till after one brisk glass or two,  
To what he said the silly maid,  
Could hardly bring out, *No Tom, no, no Tom, no  
Tom, no Tom, no.*

She swore he was the prettiest fellow,  
In the country or the town,  
And began to grow so mellow,  
On the couch she lean'd her down :  
Tom came to to her for to woo her,  
Thinking this the time to try,  
Something past that pleas'd at last,  
Her no's were changed to *Ay ay, ay, ay Tom, ay  
Tom, ay Tom, ay.*

Closely then they join'd their faces,  
Lovers you know what I mean,  
She could not hinder his embraces,  
Love was then got too far in :

Kissing



Kissing, sighing, panting, dying,  
A calm succeeds the stormy joy,  
Tom wou'd fain had done't again,  
And Dolly she cry'd out, *Ay, ay, ay, ay Tom, ay*  
*Tom, ay Tom, ye.*



*The little C \* \* t.*

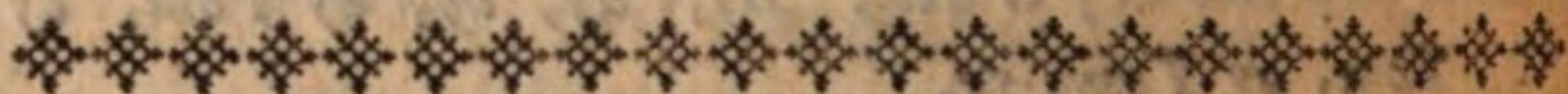
**S** W E E T is the little C \* \* t that has no hair  
upon't,  
But the soft down upon the skin ;  
Sweet is the little C \* \* t, &c.  
First you must stroke it,  
Then provoke it,  
Then you must whip your P—go in ;  
Into the little C \* \* t that has no hair upon't,  
But the soft down upon the skin.

Sweet is the bonny lass, that lays upon the grass,  
With smock and petticoat up to her chin,  
Sweet is the bonny, &c.  
First you must stroke it,  
Then provoke it,

Then



Then you must whip your P—go in :  
Into the bonny lass, that lays upon the grass,  
With her petticoat up to her chin.



**H**OW little do our parents know  
What we poor bucks do feel,  
When buboes rise, and cordees glow,  
But we have y—ds of steel :  
No danger can affright us,  
No bullies ere shall flout ;  
We'll make the harlots teach us,  
New riggles, in and out.

Stick stout to orders jolly mates,  
We'll stand and tip the wink ;  
Then girls have at your first rates ;  
Our y—ds they ne'er will shrink :  
We'll rummage all we fancy,  
And shove them in by scores,  
There's Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
Shall st—h in pompadours.



Whilst we're at Haddock's lying  
With a naked plump thigh'd whore,  
We'll send our f—d in flying,  
And drink 'rack punch galore ;  
In peace we'll drink and f—k, boys,  
In war we'll stand the brunt ;  
Here's a health to that good thing, boys,  
Which mortals call a C—t.

*A New* MEDLEY.

W Hene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,  
Populous cities please me then ;  
And the busy hum of men.  
And the busy, busy, hum ———  
And the busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me,  
And drink and drive care away.  
Drink and be merry,  
For why shou'd we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toys ?  
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,  
Goes thorough



The charming Dione, lovely fair,  
Sweetest of ——— sweetest of thy sex adieu.  
Then joys to great Cæsar,  
Long life, love, and pleasure,  
Here's a health to the Duke boys,  
Fill your glasses full :  
And let me wander not unseen,  
By hedge row elms, and hillocks green,  
And there I laid her down,  
And I towzled her about,  
With my lal, lal, la, fall, lal, lal, lal, lal.  
And I began to say,  
Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,  
No longer must you glory in your locks as before,  
And if you will have her,  
You must fly to her arms, and catch her  
By the heigh ho ! who's above ?  
No body here but I my love,  
Shall I come up and see how you do !  
Ay ! marry, who knocks at my chamber door ?  
'Tis I all shiv'ring and shaking  
Poor Ensign Beverly.  
Dear Molly, for what shou'd we stay ?

'Till



'Till our best blood begins to run  
Down the red lane, down the red lane,  
So merrily runs the fox,  
Down among the dead men ;  
There let ambition fire thy mind,  
Thou wert born ———  
Ye mortals ! that love drinking,  
Apply yourselves to me :  
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, mad Tom,  
Drives all ——— all ——— all ——— before me,  
While to my royal throne I come :  
Bow down, down, down,  
Bow down, down, down, down,  
Bow down, my slaves, and adore me ;  
Your sov'reign lord the king,  
Long live our noble king,  
God save the king :  
Send him victorious,  
Happy, happy, happy pair :  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
Shall fight, fight and record,  
The girls in our town,

The



The black, the yellow, the fair, the brown;  
With an old woman cloathed in grey,  
Whose daughter was charming and young,  
And she was deluded away,  
By old Sir Simon the King,  
And young Sir Simon the squire,  
With Roger and Nell,  
Come Simkin and Bell,  
Each lad with his lass hither come,  
With singing and dancing,  
In pleasure advancing,  
To celebrate harvest home,  
For we're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,  
And we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet,  
Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit,  
For we're not very fow, but we're gayly yet.



*The* TREE of LIFE

COME prick up your ears, and attend Sirs a  
while,  
I'll sing you a song that shall make you to smile;

'Tis



'Tis a faithful description of the true tree of life,  
So pleasing to every maid, widow, or wife.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

This tree is a succulent plant, I declare,  
Consisting of only one strait stem, I swear;  
Its top sometimes looks like a cherry in May,  
At other times more like a *filbert*, they say.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

Its fruits are contain'd in a fine velvet bag,  
And cover'd all o'er with a long hairy shag,  
Sometimes like a *cabbage* they cling up together,  
At other times more like a purse of wash leather.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

This tree in abundance all countries produce,  
But till the 18th year 'tis not fit for use;  
Then nine or ten inches, it seldom grows higher,  
And that sure's as much as the heart can desire.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

But most in the kingdom of Ireland it thrives,  
As well can be prov'd by their widows and wives,

*Its*



Its juice is so hearty, so good I insist on't,  
That most of the natives intirely subsist on't.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

Some great virtuosos this tree to improve,  
Have cut off its fruit, called the apples of love;  
But it never *seeds* after 'tis not worth a louse,  
Unless to make *whistles* for the opera house.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

Its Juice taken inwards is good for the spleen,  
And removes in an instant the sickness call'd *green*,  
Tho' often it causes large *tumours* below,  
That disperse of themselves, in about *nine months*  
or so.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

It heals all dissention 'twixt husband and wife,  
And makes her run glib, thro' the turnpike of life;  
By a right application this balsam won't fail;  
But then it must always be given in the *tail*.

*Toll, loll, &c.*

Ye ladies who long for a sight of this tree,  
Take this invitation, come hither to me,

I



I have it just now in the height of perfection,  
For your handling adapted, and fit for *injection*.

*Toll, loll, &c.*



*The* C H A L L E N G E.

**Y**OU d——n'd whore lie down upon your back,  
I've got a thund'ring P——le will make your  
buttocks crack ;

It is as fierce as any thunder,  
It will put you in a wonder,  
It will split your C——t afunder,  
You d——n'd whore.

You d——n'd rogue come on and do your worst,  
I fear not your boasting, no, nor your thrust ;  
Altho' my C——t it is but tender,  
It will make your P——k surrender,  
It will make it make it soft and limber,  
You d——n'd rogue.

B——ll——ks stand to her, and be not control'd,  
P——k thou shalt enter like any foldier bold ;  
Never



Never mind her how she wheezes,  
 F—k her 'till she farts and sneezes,  
 D—n her, drive her C—t to pieces,  
 The d——n'd whore.



*The GRAVE of all.*

‘T WAS at a Booth at Sturbridge fair,  
 The only mart for swiveing ware;  
 A set of Country Parsons came,  
 With thund’ring chines, and bawdy fame.  
*Bawdy Fame, &c.*

A set of Country Parsons came,  
 With thund’ring chines, and bawdy fame,  
 When soon a fresh supply arriv’d,  
 Of fifty C—ts that ne’er were swiv’d.  
*Ne’er were swiv’d, &c.*

When soon a fresh supply arriv’d,  
 Of fifty C—ts that ne’er were swiv’d;  
 The whiggish Bawd cry’d out for joy,  
 “Now, now the Church we’ll quite destroy.”  
*ite destroy, &c.*

The



The whiggish Bawd cry'd out for joy,  
Now, now the Church we'll quite destroy;  
The highest pinnacle in town,  
And country too shall tumble down.

*Tumble down, &c.*

The highest pinnacle in town,  
And country too shall tumble down;  
St Andrew's belfry too shall fall,  
Buried in C—t, that grave of all.

*Grave of all, &c.*



*An* A N T H E M.

**D**ILUCULO *furgere*, says good Bess Barrowfold,  
A C—t that's rough and plump, to swive you  
may be bold;  
But if it be a thin lipp'd C—t, with little hair  
thereon,  
Into that nick thrust not thy p—k, but let that  
C—t alone.

*For—*



*Fortuna favet fortibus*—says Mother Taverner;  
 A P—k will never hurt a C—t, by thrusting in  
 too far,  
 For ev'ry C—t is P——le proof, like everlasting  
 buff,  
 And tho' your B——ks hit against the rump, yet  
 there is C—t enough.

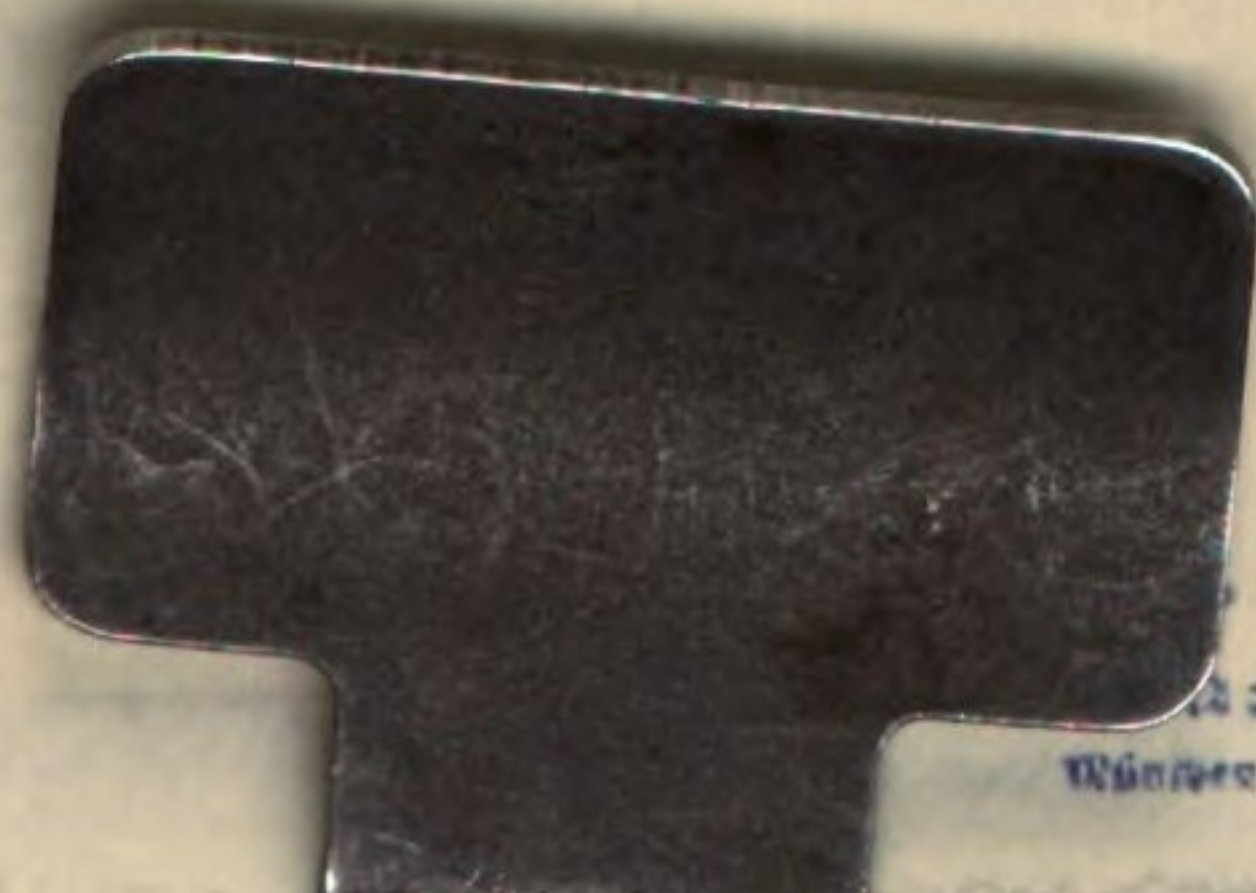
*Tytere tu patula*—says Mother Cresswell, gentle,  
 Of all the fishes in the sea, give me a stiff standing  
 p——le,  
 To tickle it fine, to make it shine, to frig it, and  
 to tols it,  
 To shove it home, 'twill make my C—t foam, and  
 give my a—e a posset.

F I N I S.

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